

1487
St. PATRICK
FOR
IRELAND.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

First Acted
By His MAJESTY's Company of Comedians
in the Year 1639.

Written by
JAMES SHIRLEY, Esq;

To which is prefix'd,
An Account of the AUTHOR, and his Works :

And an ABSTRACT of
The LIFE of St. PATRICK:
Collected from the best HISTORIANS.

D U B L I N :

Printed, and Sold by the Editor W. R. CHETWOOD, in
the *Four-court-marshalsea* ; Messrs. G. and A. EWING,
P. WILSON, and H. HAWKER, in *Dame-street* ;
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J. HOBY, in *Skinner-row* ; and J. ESDALL, on *Cork-*
hill, Booksellers, M DCC L.

DEDICATION.

To my Generous

SUBSCRIBERS.

GOOD Poets are benefits to mankind ; their labours are mirrors to the mind ; since, by them, we may distinguish virtue from vice ; strengthen the one, and correct the other.

EVERY well-regulated theatre, where their works are exhibited, is a farther emolument to the public ; and since every amusement must be purchased, that, certainly, will be most eligible, that mends the mind, and leaves no remorse after it.

GREECE, and *Rome*, bestow'd more on their public theatres, than on the triumph of their conquering generals ; and their youth were made wise, and virtuous, by their theatrical representations.

THAT great statesman, cardinal *RICHELIEU*, thought public theatres so essential to the improvement and grandeur of his nation, that, if death had not prevented him, he wou'd have erected two at the public charge, equal to those of *Athens* and *Rome*.

How was our noble sister torn to pieces with intestine rage, murder, and usurpation ? When

the theatres were abandon'd, for canting and hypocrisy; the mitre and crozier suffer'd with the buskin and sock. It was criminal, then, to read even our immortal *Shakespear*. *Poetry was profane; and the stage an abomination!* only fit to be thrown among the lumber of crowns and sceptres, those unnecessary symbols of monarchy.

But when the clouded Sun of majesty once more shot forth his enlivening ray, hateful hypocrisy fled with all her mists about her; the muses, with the theatre, revived and flourish'd with our religion, liberties, and laws; and peace, the nurse of plenty, smiled again.

THE theatre, in all civilized nations, is allow'd the most noble and rational amusement; therefore, that director, who takes the greatest pains to entertain us, (not only exhibiting the best pieces, and procuring every auxiliary to the drama) deserves our thanks, with the reward of his labour. Truth will ever speak for itself: And I may, with great justice affirm, that, by the judicious industry of the present director, our theatres may vie, in decency and decorum, with any of its neighbours.

IF, in any of the following dramatic pieces, I have rescued, from oblivion, those that can give the least satisfaction, I have my utmost wish; and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your truly obedient Servant,

The EDITOR,

W. R. CHETWOOD.



THE
L I F E
O F
St. P A T R I C K.

THIS illustrious *saint*, was born at a village called *Banaven*, situated on the utmost bounds of *Britain*, on the borders of *Scotland*. His father, *Calphurnius*, and grandfather, were both churchmen of eminence, from their learning, and piety; his mother, *St. Concheffa*, was niece to the bishop of *Tours* *, a prelate of exemplary life. Authors differ in the time of his birth; but *Ussher* fixes it on the 5th of *April*, 371, of our redemption; but, in another author, his birth is fix'd on the 4th, 373, which seems the true date, since *St. Patrick* died in 493, in the 120th year of his age.

He was educated with the utmost care, by his parents; and his sweet temper, in his childhood, made him the delight of all that knew him.

In the 16th year of his age, in a coasting voyage, he was taken by sea rovers, and sold as a slave, where he served six years, attending the cattle of his master in the county of *Antrim*, where he behaved himself so just, that, at the end of six years, his master gave him his liberty, from whence he return'd to the place of his nativity, where he resided two years, planting, in his mind, the seeds of virtue, religion, and learning. But intending another voyage, he had scarce set sail, before he was once more taken by pyrates, and sold again into *Ireland*: however, he did not continue captive above two months, e'er he was redeemed.

After a short stay, he went on a pilgrimage to *Rome*, and, in his journey, waited on *St. Germain*, and his uncle
St.

* *Tours*, the capital city of *Touraine* in *France*.

St. Martin, bishop of *Tours*: both these learned men, strengthened, and improved him for the *divine* legation.

When he arrived at *Rome*, he was instantly made regular cannon of the *Lateran* church, where he finished his divine studies, and was a pattern to all, for his holy life. He was sent missionary to the isles of the *Mediterranean*, where he made numbers of true christians. In this holy work, he wore out near 30 years, and, in his return to *Rome*, (where the fame of his sanctity had travelled before him) he was sent to *Ireland* to propagate, in that kingdom, the holy christian faith, in the room of *Paladius*, who had made but slow progress in the pious undertaking; in which his assiduous labours, he gained justly the title of the patron of *Ireland*. He fix'd his see at *Armagh*, then called *Drumsalleck*, from the multiplicity of fallow trees growing around it. The appellative of *Armagh*, was given from its situation, signifying *an high place*. Never did religion reign with such sweet rule in so short a time; insomuch, that *Ireland* was called *The island of saints*, and all *Europe* sent their youth to study here, as the fountain-head of divine learning, which illustrated many distant nations with erudition and morality.

This illustrious saint, at his baptism, was called *Succoth*, i. e. *great in war*. The name of *Patrick* was given him by pope *Celestine*, as a mark of honour and distinction, meaning the same high dignity and privilege as the ancient Roman *Patricii*.

He made himself master of the *Irish* language, in his captivity, when he kept the hogs of his patron *Milcho*, on the mountain *Slicu Mis*, in the county of *Antrim*, and was much beloved by his master, for his piety, care, and integrity.

It is enough to say, that this holy saint enlightened this dark island, with the beams of the christian religion; heaven blessed him with many miracles to enforce his doctrine, which open'd the eyes of the obstinate and ignorant, and shew'd them the true path to heaven; therefore I shall end with the poet,

“ Thus christians guided by the heavenly ray,

“ Must shut their eyes, if they mistake their way.



An Account of the
A U T H O R.

JAMES SHIRLEY, Esq;

WAS born in the year 1594, and was of *St. John's* college, *Oxford*, at the time when archbishop *Laud* was president of that college. Our author was intended for the pulpit, and therefore made divinity his chief study; but *Laud* objected against him, for no other reason, than that nature had planted a mole on his cheek, (a poor objection from so great a man): Upon this refusal, he paid his court to the muses, who, with open arms, received him. Soon after this, he embraced the *Roman* religion, which was no objection in gaining a commission in the army, thro' the interest of his great friend and patron, *Hollis*, duke of *Newcastle*. In the great and deplorable fire of *London*, in 1666, in the 72d year of his age, he, and his second wife, were drove from their house in *Fleet-street*, and took shelter at a friend's in *St. Giles's* in the fields (as it is still called, tho' now above half a mile surrounded with building) where the fright, their losses, and the infirmities of age, both he and wife expired in one day.

Mr. *Shirley* was classed in the first rank with the poets of his time, and his dramatic works were in the highest esteem, as I doubt not but this play of *St. PATRICK*, will prove him master of his art: His dramatic works are as follow, *viz.*

- 1 The Changes, or love in a maze, a comedy, 1632.
- 2 Contention for honour and riches, a masque, 1633.
- 3 *Honoriam* and *Mammon*, a masque, 1633.
- 4 The witty fair one, a comedy, 1633.

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- 3 The Traytor, a tragedy, 1635.
- 6 The young Admiral, a tragi-comedy, 1637.
- 7 The Example, a tragi-comedy, 1637.
- 8 *Hyde-Park*, a comedy, 1637.
- 9 The Gamester, a comedy, 1637.
- 10 The Royal Master, a tragi-comedy, 1638.
- 11 The Duke's Mistrefs, a tragi-comedy, 1638.
- 12 The Lady of Pleasure, a comedy, 1638.
- 13 The Maid's Revenge, a tragedy, 1638.
- 14 *Chabot*, admiral of *France*, a tragedy, 1639.
- 15 The Ball, a comedy, 1639.
- 16 *Arcadia*, a pastoral, 1640.
- 17 The Humourous Courtier, a comedy, 1640.
- 18 *St. Patrick* for *Ireland*, a tragi-comedy, 1640.
- 19 Love's Cruelty, a tragedy, 1640.
- 20 The Triumphs of beauty, a masque, 1646.
- 21 The Sisters, a comedy, 1652.
- 22 The Brothers, a comedy, 1652.
- 23 The Doubtful Heir, a tragi-comedy, 1652.
- 24 The Court Secret, a tragi-comedy, 1653.
- 25 The Impostor, a tragi-comedy, 1653.
- 26 The Politician, a tragedy, 1655.
- 27 The Grateful Servant, a tragi-comedy, 1655.
- 28 The Gentleman of *Venice*, a tragi-comedy, 1655.
- 29 Contention of *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, a masque, 1658.
- 30 *Cupid* and Death, a masque, 1658.
- 31 Love Tricks, a comedy, 1659.
- 32 The Constant Maid, a comedy, 1659.
- 33 The Opportunity, a comedy, 1659.
- 34 The Wedding, a comedy, 1659.
- 35 A Bird in the cage, a comedy, 1660.
- 36 The Coronation, a comedy, 1660.
- 37 The cardinal, a tragedy, 1661.
- 38 *Andromana*, or the Merchant's Wife, a tragedy, 1662.

THE
NAMES of the ACTORS.

LEOGARIUS, *Monarch of Ireland.*

CORYBREUS, } *his Sons.*
CONALLUS, }

DICHU, *a Nobleman.*

FEROCHUS, } *his Sons.*
ENDARIUS, }

MILCHO, *a great Officer.*

ARCHIMAGUS, *the chief Priest, a Magician.*

Two other Priests.

St. PATRICK.

VICTOR, *his Angel-Guardian.*

A Bard.

RODAMANT, *ARCHIMAGUS's Servant.*

Soldiers.

Angels.

Religious Men.

Servants.

QUEEN.

ETHNE, } *her Daughters.*
FEDELLA, }

EMERIA, *MILCHO's Daughter.*

 St. PATRICK
 FOR
 IRELAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Archimagus, and two other Magicians, at several Doors.

1st MAGICIAN.

WE are undone!
 2d Mag. We are lost!
 Arc. Not so, your fears

Become you not, great priests of *Jove* and *Saturn*,
 Shall we, that awe the furies, at whose charm
 Hell itself quakes, be frighted with a shadow,
 A tame, a naked churchman, and his tribe
 Of austere starved faces? No!! this kingdom
 Shall still be ours, and flourish; every Altar
 Breathe incense to our gods, and shine with flames,
 To strike this christian blind.

1st Mag. This is but air:
 He is now landing, every tread he prints
 Upon this earth, will make it groan.

Arc. Are not
 The havens strengthen'd by the king's command
 With soldiers, to watch that none arrive
 With this suspicion?

2d Mag. But we, that can
 Command armies from hell for our design,
 And blast him, now stand idle, and benumm'd,

B

And

And shall grow here ridiculous statues. I'll
Muste my fiends.

1st *Mag.* And if I have not lost
My power, the spirits shall obey to drown
This straggler, and secure this threaten'd island. [going.]

Arc. Stay! which of you can boast more power than I?
For every spirit you command, my spells
Can raise a legion; you know I can
Untenant hell, dispeople the wide air,
Where, like innumerable atoms, the black *genii*
Hover, and nestle one another; all
That haunt the woods and waters, all i' th' dark
And solitary chambers of the earth,
Break through their adamant chains, and fly
Like lightning to my will: and shall your factious
And petty correspondence with the fiends
Attempt this work, without my voice and council?
Who brought you first acquainted with the devil?
Did not my art?

1st *Mag.* We are disciples to
The great *Archimagus*.

2d *Mag.* We acknowledge all
Our art derived from you.

1st *Mag.* But, in this justice to our gods, we hope
Our gods' chief priest will give us leave —

Arc. Yes, and confirm it, and applaud your zeals,
My fellows both in sacred arts and priesthood
Go on, I praise your resolution:
My spirit gave intelligence before
Of his approach, and, by all circumstance,
Our prophesy doth point this christian priest
The black subversion of our Isle; but we,
Like masters of all destiny, will break
His fate, and bruise him in his infancy
Of danger to this kingdom; — fly, and be
Arm'd to your wishes: Spirits shall attend you,
And the whole power of hell. [Exeunt Magicians.]

This news affrights me,
Howe'er I seem to swell with confidence,
This is the man, and this the revolution,
Fix'd for the change of sacrifice foretold,
And threaten'd in this fatal prophesy:

A man

*A man shall come into this land,
With shaven crown, and in his hand
A crooked staff, he shall command,
And in the east his table stand;
From his warm lips a stream shall flow,
To make rocks met, and churches grow,
Where, while he sings, our gods shall bow,
And all our kings his law allow.* [He reads.

This, this is the vexation!

Enter ENDARIUS.

End. Sir, the King!

Arc. What of the King?

End. Is troubled, sick, distracted.

Arc. How?

End. With a dream; he has no peace within him;
You must, with all haste, visit him; we shall
Suspect his death else.

Enter FEROCUS.

Fer. Mighty Priest, as you
Respect the safety of the King, you must
Make haste; the court is up in arms, and he
Calls for his sword.

Arc. You fright me, gentlemen:
Rebellion in the court; who are the Traytors?

Fer. His own wild thoughts, and apprehension
Of what he says, was in his sleep presented.
He calls upon his guard, and rails upon 'em
When they appear with no more arms, and swears
That every man shall wear a tun of iron.

Enter CONALLUS.

End. The prince.

Con. The King, impatient of your absence, Sir,
Hath left the court, and, by some few attended,
Is coming hither, laden with fear and weapons;
He talks of strange things in his dream, and frights
Our ears with an invasion; that his crown
Sits trembling on his head; unless your wisdom
Clear his dark fears, we are undone.

Arc. He's here.

Enter King LEOGARIUS, CORYBREUS, DICHU,
How fares the king?

Leo. Dear *Archimagus*,
We want thy skill t' interpret a black dream
I had last night, my fancy is still sick on't,
And, with the very apprehension,
I feel much of my soul dissolve, and, through
My frightened pores, creep from me in a sweat:
I shall have nothing in me but a bath,
Unless thou do repair my languishing essence
With thy great art and counsel.

Arc. Give me, sir,
The particular of your dream.

Leo. They must not hear it:
Yet stay, the Eclipse, if it be any thing,
Is universal, and doth darken all.
Methought, *Archimagus*, as I was praying
I' th' temple near the sea, my queen, my sons,
Daughters, and train of my nobility
Prostrate before the Altar, on the sudden
The roof did open, and, from heaven, a flame,
Descending on the images of our gods,
Began to burn their sacred brows, from which
Many deformed worms, and hideous serpents
Came crawling forth, and leap'd unto our throats,
Where, with their horrid circles, and embrace,
We were almost strangled; in this fright, methought,
We fled out of the temple, and, as soon
We saw a pale man, coming from the sea,
Attended by a tribe of reverend men,
At whose approach, the serpents all unchain'd
Them selves and leaving our imprison'd necks,
Crept into the earth; straight all that were with me,
As I had been the prodigy, forsook me,
My wife, my children, lords, my servants all,
And fled to this pale man, who told me, I
Must submit too, humble myself to him,
This wither'd piece of man: at which, me-thought,
I felt a trembling shoot through every part;
And, with the horror, thus to be deposed,

I waken'd.

I waken'd. Now *Archimagus*, thy Art
To cure thy soul-sick king.

Arc. 'Tis done already.

Leo. How, my dear priest?

Arc. This pale thing shall not trouble you,
He, that so long was threaten'd to destroy
Us and our gods, is come.

Leo. Ha! where?

Arc. Now landing:

But were the coasts unguarded, he wants power
To fight with those ætherial troops, that wait
Upon the gods we serve. He is now dying;
This minute they have blasted him: and they,
Above the speed of wings, are flying hither
With the glad news, be calm again, and let not
These airy dreams distract your peace.

Leo. They are vanish'd

Already at thy voice, thou (next our gods
The hope of this great Island) hast dispers'd
All clouds, and made a fair sky again,
My learn'd *Archimagus*.

Enter Spirits.

1st Spir. He is come.

2d Spir. He is come.

3d Spir. And we must fly.

Leo. What voices make the air

So sad?

Cor. They strike a horror.

Con. They are Spirits.

Arc. I command once more to oppose him.

1st Spir. In vain, great priest.

2d Spir. We must away.

3d Spir. Away.

Omnes. We cannot, dare not stay.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Angel VICTOR, bearing a banner with a cross,

St. PATRICK, and other priests, in procession, singing.

Leo. What harmony is this? I have no power
To do them harm; observe their ceremony.

O D E.

*Post maris sævi fremitus Iernæ
(Navitas calo tremulos beante)*

B 3

Fidimus

*Vidimus gratum jubar enatantes
littus inaurans.*

*Montium quin vos juga, vosque sylvæ,
Nunc salutamus, chorus advenarum
Fubilum retro modulantur, ecce
Garbasa ventis.*

*Dulce supremo melos occinans
Carminum fragrans Domino litamen
Gujus erranti dabitur popello
Numine sacrum.*

Leo. I'll speak to him. Stay, you that have presumed
Without our leave, to print your desperate foot
Upon our country; say, what bold design
Hath arm'd you with this insolent noise to dare
And fright the holy peace of this fair isle;
Nay, in contempt of all our gods, advance
Your songs in honour of an unknown power?
The king commands you, speak.

Pat. Unto that title
Thus we lowly bow; it speaks you are ally'd
To heaven. Great sir, we come not to distract
Your peace; look on our number; we bring no
Signs of stern war, no invasive force to draw
Fear or suspicion, or your frowns upon us:
A handful of poor naked men we are,
Thrown on your Coast, whose arms are only prayer,
That you wou'd not be more unmerciful
Than the rough seas, since they have let us live
To find your charity.

Leo. Whence are you.

Pat. We are of *Britain*, sir.

Leo. Your name, that answer for the rest so boldly?

Pat. My name is *Patrick*, who with these poor men,
Beseech you would permit. —

Leo. No dwelling here;
And, therefore, quit this kingdom speedily,
Or you shall curse you saw the land.

Dic. Are they not spies?

Arc. A whirlwind snatch 'em hence, and, on the back
Of his black wings, transport these fugitives,
And drop their cursed heads into the sea;

Or:

Or land 'em in some cold remotest wilderness
Of all the world; they must not here inhabit.

Dic. Hence, or we'll force you with these goads.

Cor. Unless

You have a mind to try how well your hoods
Can swim; go trudge back to your rotten bark,
And steer another course.

Fer. You will find islands
Peopled with squirrels, rats, crows, and conies,
Where you may better plant, my reverend moles.

End. Face about.

Pat. You are inhospitable;
And have more flinty bosoms than the rocks
That bind your shores, and circle your fair island;
But I must not return.

Leo. How!

Arc. Not!

Pat. 'Till I have
Perform'd my duty: Know, great king, I have
Commission for my stay. I came not hither
Without command, legate from him, before
Whose angry breath the rocks do break and thaw;
To whose nod the mountains humble their proud heads;
The earth, the water, air and heaven, is his,
And all the stars that shine with evening flames,
Shew but their trembling, when they wait on him:
This supreme king's command, I have obey'd,
Who sent me hither, to bring you to him,
And this still wandering nation, to those springs
Where souls are everlastingly refresh'd;
Unto those gardens, whole immortal flowers
Stain your imagin'd shades, and blest abodes.

Leo. What place is this?

Pat. Heaven; now a great way off.
But not accessible to those permit
Their precious souls be strangled thus with mists,
And false opinion of their gods.

Arc. No more!

Pat. I must say more in my great master's cause;
And tell you, in my dreams, he hath made me hear
From the dark wombs of mothers, prison'd infants
Confessing how their parents are milled,

And

And calling me thus far to be their freedom.
Have pity on yourselves; be men, and let not
A blind devotion to your painted gods. —

Dic. He does blaspheme! Accept me *Jove*, thy priest,
And this my sacrifice. Ha! mine arms grow stiff,
I feel an ice creeping through all my blood,
There's winter in my heart; I change o' th' sudden,
Am grown a statue, every limb is marble;
Ye gods take pity on me; in your cause
I wither thus; *Jove*, if thou hast a light'ning,
Bestow some here, and warm me.

Cor. Strange!

End. Father! Brother, if he should die now?

Fer. I am his eldest son, he shall find me reasonable,
He may do worse, considering how long I have been of age.

Dic. No power let fall compassion. I have
Offended. Whom? I know not; this good man
Forgive, and if the Deity thou serv'st
Can put a life into this frozen pile,
Pray for me.

Leo. Villain, wouldst thou owe thy life
To the mercy of the power he serves.

Arc. With rather
To rot for ever thus.

Leo. And if thou diest,
I'll build a temple here, and, in this posture,
Kings shall kneel to thee, and, on solemn days,
Present their crowns; queens shall compose thee garlands,
Virgins shall sing thy name, and, around thy neck
And arms, disperse the riches of their art,
Next to our gods we'll honour thee: keep from
The Impostor.

Cor. I have no meaning to come near him.

Pat. Give me thy hand: now move, and may thy heart
Find softness too; this mercy is the least
Of my great master's treasures.

Dic. I feel my heat
Return'd, and all my rocky parts grow supple;
Let the first use I make of their restoration, be
To bend my knees to you.

Pat. Bow them to him
That gave me power to help thee.

Fer.

St. *PATRICK* for *Ireland*.

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Fer. He is well again.

Dic. I find a beam let into my dark soul,
Oh take me to your faith; here I give back
Myself to serve your god.

Leo. Trait'rous to heaven!

Come from him.

Dic. Bid my haste forsake a blessing.

End. Father.

Dic. Call this good man your father, boys.

Arc. He's mad, and I am frantick at this base
apostacy. My lord, think how you may
Provoke our gods, and the king's anger.

Pat. Fear

His wrath, that made, and can let fall the world.

Fer. He may yet do me as great a courtesy
As dying comes to, if his error hold,
And the king's anger.

Leo. Dotard

Return, and prostrate to the gods we worship,
Or, though his witchcraft now protect thyself,
Thy sons shall bleed.

Fer. How's that!

Leo. To satisfy

The gods and us, with the next morning's sun
Unless thou rise, and sacrifice to our altars,
Down from that rock, which over-looks the sea,
They shall be thrown, my vow is fix'd.

Fer. Dear father.

Leo. Take them away, their fates depend on him.

Dic. Oh! I am lost.

Pat. Thou art found.

Dic. Forsake me not, poor boys! my prayers and blessing.

Pat. Set forward now in heaven's name,
And finish our procession.

[*Exeunt.*

Leo. Death pursue 'em;

Will nothing make them feel our wrath.

Cor. The charm

Will not last always.

Arc. Their fate is not yet ripe;
Be not dejected, sir, the gods cannot
Be patient long. Mean time, let me advise,
Not by your laws, or other open force,

To

To prosecute 'em; but disguise your anger.

Leo. How?

Arc. What matter is't, so we destroy these wretches
What ways we take? invite him to your court,
Pretend, I know not what desires, to hear
More of his faith, that you find turns within
Your heart, and tremble at the miracle
Wrought upon *Dichu*; when he's in your possession
A thousand stratagems may be thought upon
To send his giddy soul most quaintly off, to
That fine fantastical reward he dreams on
In the other world.

Leon. Thou hast pleased us, *Archimagus*.

Cor. Great *Ceanerachius* has inspired the priest!
This is the only way.

Con. I do not like it.

Leo. It shall be so, he shall be thus invited,
And we will meet him with our queen and daughters,
Who shall compose themselves to entertain him.

Arc. Leave me t' instruct my princely charge, your
daughters.

Leo. Be still their blest director; to thy charge
We gave them up long since, but do not tell 'em
What happen'd to the apostate *Dichu*; women
Have soluble and easie hearts; that accident
May startle their religion, keep 'em firm
In the devotion to our gods, whose virgins
We hope to call them shortly, if their zeal
Maintain that holy flame that yet hath fill'd
Their bosoms.

Arc. They are the darlings of the temple.

Leo. *Conallus*, you shall be the messenger,
And bear our invitation.

Arc. Trouble not
The prince, impose that business on my care.

Leo. Be it so.

Con. I am glad I am off the employment.

Leo. All ways to serve our gods are free, and good,
When shed for them, they take delight in blood. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

Enter *ETHNE* and *FEDELLA*, *dancing*.

ETHNE.

I Am weary, and yet I wou'd have more, my heart
Was never more disposed to mirth, *Fedella*.

Fed. Mine is as light as yours, sister, I am
All air, me-thinks.

Eth. And I all mounting fire.

Fed. 'Tis well we are alone.

Eth. 'Tis ill we are;

This heat our servants should have given us:

Fed. I wonder we cannot see 'em, they were not,
Since we first took them to our favour, guilty
Of such neglect.

Eth. You wrong our birth and blood,
To think they dare neglect us; for, if they
Forget what we deserve in loving them,
They owe more duty, as we are the king's
Daughter's, than to displease us so.

Fed. That binds
But form, and heartless ceremony: sister,
By your favour, I had rather hold my servant
By his own love, that chains his heart to mine,
Than all the bands of state.

Eth. I am of thy mind too, wou'd they were here,
I shall be sad again; — fie! what a thing 'tis
For two ladies to be in love, and alone without
A man so long.

Enter *RODOMANT*.

Fed. Here's one.

Eth. A foolish one, our governor's servant:
How now *Rodomant*?

Rod. Keep off.

Fed. What, is the fellow conjuring?

Rod. I wou'd, but I cannot read these devilish names.

Eth.

Eth. How long hast thou served *Archimagus*?

Rod. Long enough to have had a devil of my own, if he had pleased, I have drudged under him, almost these seven years, in hope to learn the trade of magick, and none of his spirits will obey me; wou'd I were a witch, then I should have a familiar, a sucking devil, upon occasion, to do me service.

Fed. A devil!

Rod. O! I loved him of a child.

Eth. What wouldst thou do with the devil?

Rod. Only exercise my body, take the air now and then over steeples, and sail once a month to *Scotland*, in a sieve, to see my friends. I have a granam there, if I had been ruled, would not have seen me wanted a devil at these years. Pray madam, speak to my master for me, that my friends may not laugh at me, when I come out of my time, he has spirits enough, I desire none of his grandees, a little *Don Diego diablo*, would serve my turn, if he have but skill in love, or physick.

Fed. Physick, for what? art sick?

Rod. I am not sick, but I am troubled with a desperate consumption.

Eth. How?

Fed. Why, that's nothing.

Rod. To you, that are great ladies, and feed high; But, to a man that is kept lean and hungry, A little falling of the flesh is seen.

Eth. I heard thee name love, pry'thee, art thou in love?

Rod. In love? look on my fore eyes.

Eth. They are well enough, and thou canst see.

Rod. Yes, I can see a little with 'em, wou'd they were out.

Eth. How, out?

Rod. Out of their pain. I have but seven teeth and a half, and four of them are rotten; — here's a stump, a pick-ax cannot dig out of my gums.

Fed. Are these signs of love?

Rod. O infallible. Beside, I cannot sleep For dreaming of my mistress.

Eth. So, and what's her name?

Rod. You shall pardon me, she is —

Eth. A man, or a woman.

Rod. Nay, she is a woman, as sure, as sure as you are the queen's

queen's daughters. I name no body; do not you say 'tis the queen; I am what I am, and she is what she is.

Eth. Well said.

Rod. And, if I live, I will die for her; but I forget myself, I had a message to tell you; first, my master commends him to your Graces, and will be here presently: secondly, I have news; do you know what I mean?

Fed. Not we.

Rod. Why then, my Lord *Ferochus*, and his brother *Endarius*, you know 'em?

Eth. What of them?

Rod. And they know you.

Fed. To the purpose.

Rod. I know not that, but they are ——

Eth. What?

Rod. Not made for worms meat.

Fed. What means the fellow?

Rod. The king has commanded, they shall be thrown from a rock into the sea; that's all; but here's my master can tell you the whole story. [Exit.

Eth. What said the screech-owl?

Enter ARCHIMAGUS.

Fed. We hope *Archimagus* brings better news. And yet his face is cast into a form of sorrow. What are these?

Arc. Read, and collect your noble forces up; You will be lost else; alas! poor ladies, How soon their blood is frightened!

Eth. Every character Gives my poor heart a wound.

Fed. Alas! how much of mischief is contain'd In this poor narrow paper.

Eth. Can this be?

Arc. Madam, too true; the anger of the king Is heavy and inevitable; you may Believe what their sad pens have bled to you; They have no hope, not once, before they die, To see your blessed eyes, and take their leave, And weep into your bosom, their last farewell.

Fed. They must not, shall not die so.

Arc. They must, madam.

Eth. I will die with them too then : Sister, shall
They leave the world without our company ?

Fed. Could not you bend the king, our cruel father ?
You should have said, we loved them ; you have most
Power to prevail with him ; you should have told him,
The gods would be offended, and revenge their death
With some strange curse upon this island.

Eth. You knew our loves, and all our meetings, sir ;
They were not without you, nor will we live
Without them, tell our father. Did our hearts
Flatter themselves with mirth, to be struck dead
With this, this murdering news. I'll to the king.

Arc. Stay, and contain yourselves ; your loves are brave,
Nor shall your flame die thus ; as I was first
Of counsel with your thoughts, I will preserve 'em :
They sha' not die, if my brain leave me not.

Fed. Oh, I cou'd dwell upon his lips to thank him.

Arc. But they must then be banish'd.

Eth. That's death.

Unless we go along to exile with them.

Arc. I have the way, they shall deceive the sentence
Of the enraged king, and live ; nor shall
This be reward of your affections ;
You shall converse more often, and more freely
Than ever, if you dare be wise and secret.

Fed. You make us happy.

Arc. Here's your elder brother ;
Away, and trust to me.

Enter CORIBREUS.

Cor. Health to our priest.

Arc. And to your highness.

Enter EMERIA and CONALLUS.

Do you see that couple ?

Cor. My brother, and the fair *Emeria*, *Milcho's* daughter.
Out of their way ; but so, to reach their voice ;
This place o' th' Garden's apt.

Arc. Observe 'em.

Em. But will you not, my lord, repent to have placed
Your love so much unworthily.

Con. Oh, never.

My

My best *Emeria*, thou hast a wealth
In thy own virtue, above all the world;
Be constant, and I'm blest.

Em. This hand, and heaven
Be witness where my heart goes.

Cor. If my fate
Cannot enjoy thy love, I shall grieve both
Your destinies.

Arc. Be confident you shall
Enjoy her, if you'll follow my directions.

Cor. Thou art my genius; but she's very holy;
And, I fear, too religious to her vows;
She is devoted much to *Ceanarackius*; head of the gods.

Arc. Sir, her piety
Prepares your conquest, as I'll manage things,
I wo' not trust the air too much.

Con. This kiss, and all's confirm'd.

Em. Pray, my lord, use
My poor heart kindly, for you take it with you.

Con. I leave mine in exchange.

[*Exit.*

Arc. He is gone; advance
To your mistress, and, if you want art to move her,
I sha' not, sir, to make you prosper; 'tis
Firmly design'd; when we meet next, you shall
Know more.

[*Exit.*

Cor. How now, my fair *Emeria*.

Em. I do beseech your highness' pardon,
I did think I was alone.

Cor. Alone you are
In beauty, sweet *Emeria*, and all
The graces of your sex.

Em. You are too great to flatter me,
And yet this language comes
So near the wickedness of court praise, I dare not,
With modesty imagine your heart means so.

Cor. Yet, in this garden, when you seem'd most solitary,
Madam, you had many fair and sweet companions.

Em. Not I, sir.

Cor. Yes, and my rivals too, *Emeria*;
And now they court thy beauty in my presence,
Proud erring things of nature, do'st not see,
As thou dost move, how every amorous plant

Doth bow his leavy head, and becken thee;
The wind doth practise dalliance with thy hair,
And weave a thousand pretty nets within
To catch itself.

That violet droop'd but now,
How 'tis exalted at thy smile, and spreads
A virgin bosom to thee. There's a rose
Would have slept still within his bud, but, at
Thy presence, it doth open his thin curtains,
And, with warm apprehension looking forth,
Betrays her love in blushes. And that woodbine,
As it would be divorced from the sweet-brier,
Courts thee to an embrace. It is not dew,
That, like so many pearls, embroider all
The flowers, but tears of their complaint, with fear
To lose thee, from whose eye they take in all
That makes them beautiful, and, with humble necks,
Pay duty unto thee their only spring.

Em. Your grace is courtly.

Cor. When these dull vegetals
Shew their ambition to be thine, *Emeria*,
How much should we, that have an active soul
To know and value thee, be taken with
This beauty? yet, if you dare trust me, madam,
There's none, within the throng of thy admirers,
More willing, more devote, to be thy servant,
Than *Coribreus*.

Em. I must again beseech
Your pardon, and declare myself most ignorant:
Pray, speak your meaning in a dialect
I understand.

Cor. Why, I do love you, madam.

Em. If this be it, I dare not, sir, believe
You condescend so low to love *Emeria*,
A worthless thing.

Cor. Why not? I love you, madam.
If there be difference of our birth or state,
When we are compared, it shou'd make me the first
In your fair thoughts: come, you must love again,
And meet me with an equal active flame.

Em. I am more skill'd in duty, sir, than love.

Cor. You would be coy; your heart is not bestow'd.

Em.

Em. Indeed it is.

Cor. On whom?

Em. I must not name.

Cor. Were he my brother did twist heart with thine,
That act should make him stranger to my blood,
And I would cut him from his bold embraces.

Em. Alas! I fear.

Cor. I know you will be wife,
And just to my desires, *Emeria*,
When you shall see my love bid fairest for you,
And that presented from a prince, who knows
No equal here. Come, I already promise
Myself possess'd of those fair eyes, in which
I, gazing thus, at every search discover
New crystal heavens; those tempting cheeks are mine,
A garden with fresh flowers all the winter;
Those lips invite to print my soul upon 'em,
Or lose it in thy breath, which I'll convey
Down to my heart, and with no other spirit,
As loth to change it for my own again.
How, in thy bosom, will I dwell, *Emeria*,
And tell the azure winding of thy veins
That flow, yet climb those soft, and ivory, hills,
Whose smooth descent leads to a bliss, that may
Be known, but puzzle art and tongue to speak it.
I pr'ythee do not use this froward motion,
I must, and will be thine.

Em. Be your own, sir,
And do not thus afflict my innocence;
Had you the power of all the world, and man,
You could not force my will, which you have frightened
More from you than my duty, although powerful,
Can call again; you are not modest, sir;
Indeed I fear you are not; I must leave you;
Better desires attend your grace and me. [Exit.

Cor. This wo' not gain her; her heart's fix'd upon
My brother; all my hope is in *Archimagus*;
She is a frozen thing, yet she may melt.
If their disdain should make a man despair,
Nature mistook in making woman fair. [Exit.

An altar discover'd, two Idols upon it, ARCHIMAGUS and Priests; lights and incense prepared by RODAMANT.

Rod. These be new deities, made since yesterday;
We shift our gods, as fast as some shift trenchers;
Pray, sir, what do you call their names; they are
But half-gods, demi-gods as they say, there's
Nothing beneath the navel.

Arc. This, with the thunder-bolt, is *Jupiter*.

Rod. *Jupiter*? 'Tis time he were cut off by the middle,
He has been a notable thunderer in his days.

Priest. This is *Mars*.

Rod. *Mars*, from the middle upward. Was it by my
Lady *Venus*' direction that he is dismember'd too.
He that overcame all in a full carrier, looks now like a de-
mi-launce.

Arc. Are they not lively form'd. But, firrah, away;
tell the young ladies the king is upon enterance.

Enter KING, QUEEN, CONALLUS. *At the other door,*
ETHNE, FEDELLA; they all kneel.

Arch. To *Jove* and *Mars* the king doth pay
His duty, and thus humbly lay,
Upon this altar his bright crown,
Which is not his, if they but frown.
In token you are pleased, let some
Cœlestial flame make pure this room.

[A flame behind the altar.]

The gods are pleased, great king, and we
Return thy golden wreath to thee,
More sacred by our holy fume;
None to the altar yet presume.
Now shoot your voices up to *Jove*,
To *Mars*, and all the powers above.

*[After the song the queen offers, and her daughters,
garlands, which are placed upon the heads of the
Idols.]*

SONG at the Altar.

Come away, oh! come away
And trembling, trembling, pay

Your

Your pious vows to Mars and Jove.

While we do sing,

Gums of precious odours bring,

And light them with your love.

As your holy fires do rise,

Make Jove to wonder

What new flame

Thither came

To wait upon his thunder.

The song being ended, the idol, that presented *Jupiter*,
moveth.

King. Archimagus, Conallus; see, my children,
The statue moves.

Arc. Approach it not too near.

Eth. It is prodigious.

Arc. With devotion,

Expect what follows, and keep reverend distance;
I am all wonder.

Jup. King Leogarius,

Jove doth accept thy vows, and pious offerings,
And will show'r blessings on thee, and this kingdom,
If thou preserve this holy flame burns in thee.

But, take heed, thou decline not thy obedience,

Which thou shalt best declare by thy just anger

Against that christian straggler *Patrick*, whose

Blood must be sacrificed to us, or you

Must fall in your remis and cold religion.

When you are merciful to our despisers,

You pull our wrath upon you, and this island.

My duty is perform'd, and I return

To my first stone, a cold and silent statue.

Arc. What cannot all commanding *Jove*? 'Tis now

That artificial tongueless thing it was.

How are you bound to honour *Jupiter*?

That, with this strange and publick testimony,

Accepts your zeal. Pursue what you intended,

And meet this enemy to the gods, that now

Expects your entertainment.

King. I obey.

Come, my queen, and daughters.

Queen. I attend you, sir.

Red.

Rod. Is not the queen a lovely creature, sir?

Prin. Why how now, *Rodomant*, what passion's this?

Rod. Oh that I durst unbutton my mind to her.

Arc. Your princely daughters pray they may have leave
To offer in their gratitude to the gods
One other prayer, and they will follow, sir.

King. They are my pious daughters: Come *Conallus*.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Conallus*, &c.]

Arc. They are gone; uncloud.

Ferd. Oh! my dear mistress, is not the king mock'd
rarely?

Eth. My most loved *Endarius*!

Arc. Have I not don't, my charge?

Fed. Most quaintly. Welcome

To thy *Fedella*.

Rod. Hum, how's this? more 'scapes of *Jupiter*? they
have found their nether parts; the gods are become fine
mortal gentlemen; here's precious juggling if I durst talk
on't.

Arc. Not a syllable, as you desire not to be torn in
pieces, sir.

Rod. Gods, quoth'a; I held a candle before the devil.

Arc. To the door, and watch.

Rod. So, I must keep the door too; here's like to be
holy doings.

Fer. We owe *Archimagus* for more than life;
For your loves, without which, life is a curse.

Arc. The musick prompts you to a dance.

Eth. I' th' temple!

Arc. 'Tis most secure; none dare betray you here.

Eth. We must away.

Fer. My life is going from me.

Fed. Farewel.

Arc. The king expects; now kiss and part.

Eth. When next we meet, pray give me back my heart.

Rod. I am an esquire by my office.

[*Exeunt*.]



A C T III.

Enter RODAMANT.

RODAMANT.

OH my royal love! Why should I not love the queen?
 I have known as simple a fellow as I, has been in
 love with her horse; nay, they ha' been bed-fellows in the
 same litter; and, in that humour, he would have been
 leap'd, if the beast could have been provoked to incontine-
 nence; but what if the king should know on't, and very
 lovingly circumcise me for it, or hang me up a gracious
 spectacle, with my tongue out, a perch for sparrows? Why,
 I should become the gallows, o' my conscience: oh! I
 would stretch in so gentle posture, that the spectators all
 should edify, and hang by my example.

Enter BARD.

The king's merry bard: If he have overheard, he'll save
 the hangman a labour, and rhyme me to death.

Bard. Rodamant, my half man, half goblin, all fool,
 how is't? When didst thou see the devil.

Rod. Alas! I never had the happiness.

Bard. Why, then, thou art not acquainted with thy best
 friend.

Sings. *Have you never seen in the air,
 One ride with a burning spear,
 Upon an old witch with a pad,
 For the devil a sore breech had.
 With lightning, and thunder,
 And many more wonder.
 His eyes indeed-law, sir,
 As wide as a sawcer.
 Oh this wou'd have made my boy mad.*

Rod. An honest merry trout.

Bard. Thou say'st right, gudgeon; gape, and I'll throw
 in

in a bushel; why does thy nose hang over thy mouth; as it would peep in, to tell how many teeth thou hast?

Rod. Excellent *Bard*! oh, brave *Bard*! ha, *Bard*!

Bard. Excellent fool! oh, fine fool! ha, fool!

Rod. Pr'ythee, with what news, and whither is thy head travelling?

Bard. My head, and my feet, go one way, and both now at their journey's end. The news is, that one *Patrick*, a stranger, is invited to court: this way he must come, and I, like one of the king's wanton whelps, have broke loose from the kennel, and come thus afore to bark, and bid him welcome; the king and queen will meet him.

Rod. Has the king invited him?

Bard. What else, man.

Sings. *Oh the queen, and the king, and the royal off-spring,
With the lords, and ladies so gay,*

*I tell you not a trick, to meet the man Patrick,
Are all now trooping this way.*

*This man, report sings, does many strange things:
Our priests, and our bards, must give place;
He cares not a straw, for our sword, or club-law,
Oh, I long to behold his gay face!*

Rod. Pr'ythee a word, thou didst name the queen; does she come too?

Bard. By any means.

Rod. Well, 'tis a good soul.

Bard. Who?

Rod. The queen.

Bard. The queen is't? Dost make but a foul o' her? Treason. I have heard some foolish philosophers affirm, that women have no souls: 'Twere well for some they had no bodies; but to make no body of the queen, is treason, if it be not felony.

Rod. Oh, my royal love!

Bard. Love! art thou in love, *Rodamant*? Nay, then thou may'st talk treason, or any thing. Folly and madness are lash free, and may ride cheek by joll with a judge. But dost thou know what love is, thou one of *Cupid's* overgrown monkies? Come, crack me this nut of love, and take the maggot for thy labour.

Rod.

Rod. Pr'ythee do thou say what 'tis.

Bard. No, I will sing a piece of my mind, and love to thee.

Sings. Love is a bog, a deep bog, a wide bog.
 Love is a clog, a great clog, a close clog.
 'Tis a wilderness to lose ourselves,
 A halter 'tis to nooze ourselves.
 Then draw Dun out o' th' mire:
 And throw the clog into the fire.
 Keep in the king's high way,
 And, sober, you cannot stray.
 If thou admire no female elf,
 The halter may go hang itself.
 Drink wine, and be merry, for love is a folly:
 And dwells in the house of melancholly.

Rod. 'Tis such a merry baboon, and shoots quills like a porcupine; but, who's this?

Enter St. PATRICK, and his train, at one door. At the other, the KING, QUEEN, his sons and daughters, MILCHO, ARCHIMAGUS, and Priests.

Bard. 'Tis he, I know him by instinct.

Sings. Patrick welcome to this isle,
 See how every thing doth smile,
 To thy staff and thy mitre,
 And lawn that is whiter.
 And every shaven crown, a welcome welcome to town,
 Look where the king, and queen, do greet thee:
 His princely sons are come to meet thee.
 And see where a pair is, of very fine fairies,
 Prepared too,
 That thou may'st report, thy welcome to court,
 And the Bard too.

And so, pray father, give me your blessing.

Pat. I thank thee, courteous Bard, thy heart is honest.
 But to the king my duty.

King. Welcome, Patrick,
 For so thou call'st thyself; we have thrown off
 Our anger; and with calm, and melting eyes
 Look on thee. Thou hast piety to forgive

Our

Our former threats and language, and to satisfy
For our denial of some humble cottages,
Against the hospitable laws of nature.

We give thee now our palace, use it freely.
Myself, our queen, and children, will be all
Thy guests; and owe our dwellings to thy favour.
There are some things of venerable mark
Upon thy brow; thou art some holy man,
Design'd, by providence, to make us happy:
Again, most welcome to us.

Queen. His aspect
Doth promise goodness: Welcome.

Cor. To us all.

Pat. If this be hearty, heaven will not permit
Your charities unrewarded.

Cor. I am weary
Of these dull complements, *Archimagus*.

Arc. I am prepared; I know your blood's a longing
To change embraces with *Emeria*.

Receive this, which, worn upon your arm,
Is so, by power of magick, fortify'd,
You shall go where you please invisible,
Until you take it off: Go to your mistress.

Cor. Softly, my dear *Archimagus*; the rest
Speak in a whisper; I shall be jealous of
The intelligencing air.

[*Talk apart.*]

King. You may be confident
Our favour spreads to all. But, where is *Dichu*,
Your convert? We'll receive him to our grace too.

Pat. He durst not, sir, approach your royal presence.
And grief for the sad fate of his two sons,
Hath made him weary of society:
Not far off, in a wood, he means to wear out
His life in prayer and penance.

Arc. How do you taste it?

Cor. 'Tis rare, and must succeed to my ambition.

Arc. Lose no time then.

Cor. I fly; command me ever. [*Exit Coribreus.*]

King. I am not well o' th' suddain.

Queen. How? What is't
That doth offend the king?

King. An evil conscience: Alas! my children.

Cor.

Con. Father.

Arc. Sir.

Eth. Pray speak to us.

King. How shall I

Win credit with this good man, that I have
Repented for the blood of *Dichu's* sons?

Pat. If you dissemble not with heaven, I can
Be easily gain'd, sir, to believe, and pray for you.

King. Some wine; it is the greatest ceremony
Of love with us, the seal of reconciliation.
Let some one bring us wine; I wo' not move
Until I drink to this blest man.

Arc. Away.

[*To an Attendant.*

King. This place shall be remember'd to posterity,
Where *Leogarius* first shew'd himself friend
To holy *Patrick*. 'Tis religious thirst,
That will not let me expect, 'till more return.
There is a stream of peace within my heart.

Arc. 'Tis rarely counterfeited.

[*Aside.*

Con. He is my father,
I should else tell him, 'Tis not like a king
Thus to conspire a poor man's death. What thinks
Our royal mother? Is it just to take,
By stratagem, this innocent man's life?

Queen. What means my son?

Con. Shall I betray the plot
Yet? and preserve him: See the wine.

Arc. The wine
Attends you, sir.

King. 'Tis well; fill us a chearful cup: Here, *Patrick*,
We drink thy welcome to the *Irish* coasts.

Eth. What does my father mean to do with this
Dull thing? he'll never make a courtier.

Fed. His very looks have turn'd my blood already.

Arc. I'll spice his cup.

King. Do't strongly.

Queen. There's something within prompts me to pity
This stranger.

Con. Do you love wine, sir?

Pat. If I did not

I should presume, against my nature, once
To please the king that hath thus honour'd us.

Con. Do not, I say, do not.

Arc. Please you, sir?

King. Come, to our queen.

Rod. My royal love, would I had the grace to drink to her, or kiss the cup.

Pat. My duty.

Arc. Now observe, sir, the change; he has it home.

Rod. I cannot live; my heart wo' not hold out.

King. Forbear, as you affect your life.

Queen. How's this? Now I suspect, *Conallus*.

Pat. I have one boon to ask your majesty,
Since you look on us with this gracious smile,
That you would give my poor companions leave
To build a little chappel in this place;
It shall be the first monument of your love;
To use our own religion, the ground offers
Plenty of stone, the cost and pain be ours.

King. Not yet?

[*Aside.*

Pat. 'Twill bind us ever to pray for you.

King. If it were violent, as thou say'st, it had
By this time knawn to his bowels.

Pat. Sir, you mind not
The humble suit I make.

Arc. Not yet?

[*Aside.*

Pat. Great Sir.

King. It does not alter him; he rather looks
With fresher blood upon him.

Arc. 'Tis my wonder,
I did not trust another to prepare his cup.

King. Come, 'tis not poison, we are abused.

Arc. Upon my life.

Pat. The king is troubled.

King. Prepare another.

Arc. It shall be done.

King. Come hither, firrah; you brought this wine.

Rod. I did, sir.

King. And you shall taste it.

Rod. Wou'd I were but worthy.

King. I will have it so. Come, drink our health.

Rod. May I remember your good queen's.

Arc. And he had the constitution of an elephant
'Twould pay him.

Queen.

Queen. How cheer you, sir?

Pat. Well, madam; but I observe
Distractions in the king.

King. Nay, drink it off.

Rod. And it were as deep as the root of *Penmenmaur*,
my royal love should have it.

King. Now we shall try the ingredients; it stir'd
Not him; has he done't?

Rod. So.

Arc. Yes, and the change begins to shew already.

Rod. Hoy ho — what's that?

Bard. Where?

Rod. Here, hereabouts; was the wine burnt? oh! there's
wild-fire in the wine.

Arc. It works on him.

Rod. There's squibs and crackers in my stomach; am
not I poison'd?

Bard. Poison'd? we shall want a fool then.

Rod. Away; I'll never drink again.

Bard. Not often, and thou be'st poison'd.

Rod. It encreases; my royal love has poison'd me; her
health has blown my bowels up. Oh! a cooler; wou'd I
were a while in the frozen sea! charity is not cold enough
to relieve me: the devil is making fire-works in my belly.
Ha! the queen — but speak to the queen: Oh!
madam, little do you think that I have poison'd myself.
Oh! for your sweet sake. But, howsoever; oh! think
upon me when I am dead. I bequeath my heart. Oh!
there 'tis already: my royal love, farewell. [*Falls*.]

Arc. What think you now? It hath dispatch'd him
raving.

Pat. Madam, you shew a pious heart; I find
My death was meant; but, 'tis heaven's goodness
I should not fall by poison: do not lose
Your charity.

Bard. He's dead.

Pat. Pray, let me see the fellow.

King. It affrights me; this was some treason meant to
us,

And thee, good man: How I am innocent.

Pat. How soon death would devour him.

Arc. Past your cure.

Pat. That power we serve can call back life ; and see,
He has a little motion.

Bard. He breathes too ; nay, then he may live to have
the other cup : Madam, this *Patrick* is a rare phyfician ; if
he ftays with us, he'll make us all immortal.

King. Alive again ? Oh, let me honour thee !

Queen. We cannot, fir, enough ;
Receive me, *Patrick*.

A weak difciple to thee : my foul bids me
Embrace thy faith : Make me a Chriftian.

King. How ? Didft thou hear, *Archimagus*. Let fome
Convey our queen hence ; her weak confcience melts ;
She'll be a Chriftian, fhe fays : I hate her,
And do confine her to the houfe of *Milcho*,
Our zealous provoft.

Pat. 'Tis the king's pleafure, madam,
I fhould attend you hence.

Queen. Where the king pleafe.

Pat. In any prifon, madam, I dare vifit you ;
Be comforted ; they do but fight with heaven.

Com. I'll wait upon my mother.

[*Exeunt.*

King. Look to my daughters,
Left this change work on them.

Arc. They are my charge.

King. Be not dejected, *Patrick* ; we do mean
All good to thee : fet forward, have a care
Of that poor fellow.

Pat. I'll attend you, fir,
And truft to providence we fhall be fafe.

[*Exeunt.*

Bard. How is't now, *Rodamant* ? doft thou remember
thou wert dead ? Thou wert poifon'd.

Rod. There is a kind of grumbling in my guts ftill.

Bard. fings. Come, we will drink a cup, boy, but of better
brewing ;

And we will drink it up, joy, without any fear
of f—g.

Wine is unjuft, that is taken on truft ;

If it tarry with us it fats :

A cup, boy ; drink up, joy ;

And let 'em go poifon rats.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *EMERIA*.

Em. What is it that doth sit so heavy on me?
 Since *Corybreus* talk'd with me, I find a dullness in my
 brain; and

My eyes look as through a mist, which hangs upon my lids,
 And weighs 'em down. He frighted me to hear him.

He has a rugged and revengeful nature;

Not the sweet temper that his brother owns.

My dear *Conallus*, mine? alas! did I

Say mine? indeed, he is master of my heart;

But something makes me fear I shall not be

So happy as I wish in his possession:

Yet we have vows on both sides, holy ones,

And marriage promised. But I am too loud;

Yet not; my lodgings are remote, and private'st

Of all the court: and I have dismiss'd the servants;

None near to reach my voice; then, 'till this give

Access, I need not fear the silent chambers.

More clouds do gather 'bout my eyes; 'tis strange,

I am not used to be inclined to sleep

While the day shines; then take what nature offers,

Emeria, and comply; it may discharge

Thy waking melancholly; so, I feel

It gently slide upon my senses.

Enter *Spirits* before *CORYBREUS*, habited gloriously, and
 representing *CEANCROCHI*.

Cor. So, so, this ammelet I find secures me

From all observers, and I now am in

Her chamber, by a feat my spirit did me:

Ha! she sleeps too; what a fine bawd the devil is?

What opportunities he can frame to bring

These things to pass? I were best lose no time;

Madam, Madam, fair *Emeria*.

Em. Ha! who's that? was it a voice that call'd me?

Or do I dream? here's no body, this key

Made all without fast; yet I'll see.

[*Exit.*

Cor. I had

Forgot, she'll never see me, if I do not

Take off my charm; perhaps, I may again be visible

If I ha' not lost myself.

Enter EMERIA.

Em. The doors are fast.

[*Music is heard.*]

Ha! bless me you powers!

This music is not frequent in my chambers;

'Tis here; I know not where; I can see nothing.

Cor. Emeric!

Em. Who is't that calls *Emeric*? goodness aid me!

Cor. Put off thy fright, *Emeric*, yet I blame not

Thy feeble sense to tremble at my presence:

Not used to mortal eyes, and unprepared.

But gather strength, and call thy blood again,

Whose seat a paleness doth usurp: I am

Thy friend.

Em. But no acquaintance sure; what are you?

Cor. Not what I seem; I have assumed this form,

To tell thee what a happiness is now

Coming from heaven upon thee.

Em. Upon me?

Cor. And, when the sweet *Emeric* is collected,

She will lose her life again in joy and wonder.

Em. My strength returns; this is a gentle language;

And, spirit, if thou be'st one; speak thy will.

Cor. Then know, *Emeric*, I am no mortal

But *Ceancrochi*, chief of all the gods,

That now appear.

Em. I know not what to answer;

But with my humble knee.

Cor. Thy pure devotion,

Richer than clouds of incense, myrrh, and cassia,

And all the gums, whose piles make sweet our altars,

Hath been delightful to the gods, and me;

And I have left the palace of the blest,

(Where many glorious virgins wait, and want thee,

A fellow singer in their heavenly quire)

To visit, in this form, the fair *Emeric*,

And thank thee for thy pious sacrifices:

Rise then, and be confirm'd; we mean to honour

Thy person and thy virtues.

Em. Can this roof

Be so much blest? and can so great a deity

Consider my imperfect duty thus?

[*Kneels.*]

Cor.

Cor. To assure thy thoughts, ask fairest virgin, what
Thou most desirest; and it shall firmer, than
The destinies, be made thine own: hast thou
A wish to this world's glory, to be greater?
Would'st thou enlarge thy knowledge, or thy pleasure?
Do'st thou affect to have thy life extended
Double the course of nature; or thy beauty
Above the malice of disease, or time,
To wither? Would'st thou see the book of fate,
And read the various lines that fall into
Thy life, as to their center: speak, and be
Possess'd; if thou refuse what here is named,
Thy wish will come too late, *Emeria*.

Em. None of all these; let me be still accepted
An humble servant to the gods.

Cor. Then I
Will find some other way to thy reward:
First, we release that duty of thy knee;
Reach thy fair hand.

Em. I dare not.

Cor. Do not tremble;
It shall but meet another like thine own;
For I had care not to affright my virgin;
What do'st thou see in me, that, to thy sense,
Appears not man? Divinity is too bright
For thy weak eye, and, therefore, I have clad,
In this no threat'ning shape, all that is divine:
That I, with safety of thy sense, *Emeria*,
Might visit thee: come, I will see thee often,
If thou be wise to understand how much
It is my will to honour thee; and I
Will thus descend, and leave my beams behind,
Whose brightness were enough to burn thee,
To converse with thee in a loving way
Of smiling thus, and thus embracing thee —
Of mixing palms; nay, I will kiss thee too.

Em. Do our gods practise this?

Cor. Not, but with those
They mean especial grace to; such as they know must here-
after shine above with them, though merely mortals, are
adored; and seldom visit the world, hid thus in flesh and
blood, which we at pleasure, can assume, and have desires
like

like you, and have our passions too, can love, ay, and enjoy where we will place the happiness; else we had less than men.

Em. I thought the powers above had been all honest.

Cor. 'Tis in them chastity; nor is it sin,
In those we love, to meet with active flames.
And be glad mothers to immortal issues:
How oft hath *Fove*, who justly is adored,
Left heaven, to practise love with such a fair one?
The sun, for one embrace of *Daphne*, would
Have pawn'd his beams: not one, but hath, sometimes,
Descended, to make fruitful weak mortality.
Oh! if thou could'st but reach, *Emeria*,
With thy imagination, what delight,
What flowing extasies of joy we bring
Your sex, made nice and cold by winter laws
Of man, that freeze the blood, thou would'st be fond
To my embraces, and petition me
To bless thee with a rape? yet I woo thee thy
Consent.

Em. Away:

Thou art no god, sure, but
Some vicious impostor: Can a deity
Breath so much impious language, and reward
Virtue with shame?

Cor. Take heed, and do not vain
Thyself by rash and froward opposition;
Know, I can make thee nothing, at a breath.

Em. Better be so, than made so foul a being.

Cor. Nay, then, what should have been with thy consent a blessing, shall now only serve my pleasure, and I will take the forfeit of thy coldness.

Em. Oh! help, some man; I dare not call upon the gods, for they are wicked grown, oh! help.

Cor. I shall need none, thou thing of disobedience; thou art now within my power of love, or fury: yield, or I'll force thee into postures shall make pleasure weep, and hurl thee into wantonness.

[*He carries her in.*]

The devils rejoicing, in a dance conclude the act.



A C.T IV.

Enter MILCHO, and servant.

MILCHO.

WHO's with the queen, my prisoner?

Serv. The prince *Conallus* came to visit her.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Milc. So: bid my daughter *Emeria* come hither;
She's come very melancholy from the court,
Under pretence to wait upon the queen here.

Enter EMERIA.

Still sad, come, I must have your face look otherwise;
Dress it in smiles: I hope you put not on
This sorrow for the queen; she is a traitor
To the king, and to the gods.

Em. A traitor, sir!

Oh! do not say so; 'tis, I hear, for nothing,
But looking on the stranger *Patrick* with
Some pity.

Milc. It will not run
Out of my thought, but this is the same *Patrick*
That was my slave once; he was a *Briton* too:
I know not how, he found some treasure then
To buy his liberty: were he again
My slave, no gold should buy him from my swine,
Whose once companion he was: *Emeria*,
D'ye hear? *Conallus*, the young prince, is come
To see his mother; use him gently, girl:
Come, I have heard he does affect thee, ha!
He may be king.

Em. His brother, *Corybreus*,
Is nearer to that title; and he says
He loves me.

Milc. Does he so? then love him best.

Em. Imagine I had promised, sir, my heart
To his younger brother.

Milc. Break a thousand promises,

And

And hazard breaking of thy heart too, wench,
 To be but one degree nearer a queen;
 It does exalt my heart; spread all thy charms
 Of wit and language, when he courts thee, girl:
 Smile, kiss, or any thing, that may endear
 Him, and so great a fortune: I must leave thee,
 But wo' not be long absent.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the *Bard* does press to see the queen.

Milc. He must not see her;
 His insolence I'll punish; yet admit him hither;
 His pleasant nature may raise mirth
 In my sad daughter.

Enter BARD.

Welcome merry *Bard*.

Bard. I care not whether I be or no: the queen
 I come to see.

Milc. She's private with the prince:
 Come hither, do'st thou see that piece of fullness,
 That phlegmatick foolish thing.

Bard. And like the father.

Milc. Make her merry, and I'll give thee
 Gold, joy, to purchase a new harp; here's some
 In earnest; thou hast wanton pretty songs
 To stir the merry thoughts of maids: I'm gone
 To give thee opportunity; my presence
 May spoil the working of thy mirth; that done,
 Sha't speak with the queen too.

Bard. Fare you well, sir, and take a knave
 Along w' ye. Here's a rose
 Sprung out of a thistle now: You are sad, madam.

Em. I have no cause of mirth, *Bard*.

Bard. What d'ye think of me?

Em. Think of thee, *Bard*; I think th' art honest, and
 canst shew a pleasant face, sometimes, without an over-
 joy within; but, 'tis thy office.

Bard. I know why you are so melancholy.

Em. Pry'thee why do'st think, *Bard*?

Bard. You want a man.

Em. Why, thou art one?

Bard.

Bard. That's more than you know.

Sings. 'Tis long of men that maids are sad ;

Come then, and sweetly kiss them,

Their lips invite, you will be mad

To come too late and miss them.

In their cheeks are full blown roses,

To make garlands, to make posies :

He that desires to be a father,

Let him make haste before they fall, and gather :

You stay too long, and do them wrong :

If men would virgins strive to please,

No maid this year should die o' th' green disease.

What, are you merry yet ?

Em. I am so far

From being rais'd to mirth, that I incline

To anger.

Bard. Come, I'll fit you with a song,

A lamentable ballad, of one lost

Her maiden-head, and would needs have it cry'd,

With all the marks, in hope to ha't again.

Em. You were not sent to abuse me ?

Bard. A dainty air too ; I'll but tune my instrument.

Em. No more, or I'll complain : sure he knows nothing
of my dishonour. How mine own thoughts fright me ?

Bard. Now you shall hear the ditty.

Em. Hence, foolish *Bard.*

Bard sings. *A poor wench was sighing, and weeping amain,*

And fain would she have her virginity again,

Lost she knew not how ; in her sleep (as she said)

She went to bed pure, but she rise not a maid :

She made fast the door,

She was certain before

She laid herself down in the bed :

But when she awaked, the truth is stark naked,

Oh she miss'd her maiden-head.

Enter CONALLUS.

Ha! the young prince ; I'll tarry no longer w'ye.

Now to the queen.

[*Exit.*

Con. *Emeria,* pr'ythee do not hide thy face
From me, 'tis more than common sorrow makes
Thee look thus : If the queen's misfortunes have

Darken'd

Darken'd thy face, I suffer too in that.
 If for thyself thou weep'st, my almost ebbing
 Grief thou wilt enforce back, and beget
 New seas, in which, made high by one strong sigh
 Of thine, I meet a wat'ry sepulcher.
 My mother's fate commands my grief; but thine,
 A greater suffering, since our hearts are one,
 And there wants nothing, but a ceremony,
 To justify it to the world.

Em. Call back

Your promises, my lord, they were ill-placed
 On me, for I have nothing to deserve 'em.

Con. If thou be'st constant to thyself, and art
Emeria still

Em. That word hath wounded me.

Con. Why, art not thou thyself?

Em. I have the shape still,
 But not the purer part.

Con. Am I so miserable,
 To have my faith suspected, for I dare not
 Think thou canst sin by any change: What act
 Have I done my *Emeria*? or who hath
 Poison'd thy pure soul with suggestion
 Of my revolt? Apostasy I'll call it;
 For, next our gods, thou art my happiness.

Em. Now, my dear lord, and let me add thus much,
 In my own part, I never loved you better;
 Never with more religious thoughts, and honour,
 Look'd on you; my heart never made a vow
 So blessed in my hopes, as that I gave you,
 And I suspect not yours.

Con. What then can make thee,
 My *Emeria*, less; or me? Thou dost affright ——

Em. Yes, I am less, and have that taken from me
 Hath almost left me nothing; or, if any,
 So much unworthy you, that you would curse me,
 Should I betray you to receive *Emeria*.

Con. Do not destroy me so; be plain.

Em. Then thus ——

But, if I drop a tear or two, pray pardon me:
 Did not the story touch myself, I should
 Weep for it in another; you did promise

To marry me, my lord.

Con. I did, and will.

Em. Alas, I have lost. ———

Con. What?

Em. The dowry that I promis'd to bring with me.

Con. Do I value wealth?

Em. Oh, but the treasure

I lost, you will expect, and scorn me ever,

Because you have it not; yet heaven is witness

'Tis not my fault, a thief did force it from me;

Oh! my dear Lord.

Con. I know not what to fear.

Speak plainer yet.

Em. You'll say I am too loud,

When I but whisper, sir, I am no virgin.

Con. Ha!

Em. I knew 'twould fright you; but, by all those tears,

The poor lamb, made a prey to the fierce wolf,

Had not more innocence, or less consent

To be devour'd, than I to lose mine honour.

Con. Why, wert thou ravish'd?

Em. You have named it, sir.

Con. The villain, name the villain, sweet *Emeria*,

That I may send his leprous soul to hell for't,

And, when he hath confess'd the monstrous sin,

I'll think thee still a virgin, and thou art so:

Confirm thy piety by naming him.

Em. It will enlarge but your vexation, sir,

That he's above your anger and revenge;

For he did call himself a god that did it.

Con. The devil he was; Oh! do not rack, *Emeria*,

The heart that honours thee; mock me not, I pr'ythee,

With calling him a god; it was a fury,

The master fiend of darkness, and as hot

As hell could make him, that would ravish thee.

Em. If you do think I ever loved you, sir,

Or have a soul after my body's rape,

He named himself a god, great *Ceanacrochi*,

To whom I owe my shame and transformation.

Con. Oh! I am lost in misery and amazement! [*Exit.*

Em. So; I did see before it would afflict him:

But having given these reasons to *Conallus*

For our divorce, I have provided how
To finish all disgraces by my death.

Enter ARCHIMAGUS.

Come, cure of my dishonour, and with blood
Wash off my stain. [*Draws a dagger.*] Ha! *Archimagus*!

Arc. Madam.

Em. What news with our great priest?

Arc. I come to tell you, heavenly *Ceanacrochi*,
Of whom I had this day a happy vision,
Is pleased again to visit you, and commanded
I should prepare you.

Em. I begin to find
Some magical imposture. Does he know it?

Arc. I leave to say, how much you are his favourite;
Be wise, and humble, for so great a blessing.

Em. This does increase my fears, I've been betray'd,
I'll live a little longer then; great priest,
My words are poor to make acknowledgement
For so divine a favour: But I shall
Humbly expect, and hold myself again.
Blest in his presence.

Enter CORYMBEUS as before habited.

Arc. He's here, *Emeria*,
Never was virgin so much honoured. [*Exit.*]

Cor. How is it with my sweet *Emeria*?

Em. That question would become an ignorant mortal,
Whose sense would be inform'd; not *Ceanacrochi*,
Whose eye, at once, can see the soul of all things.

Cor. I do not ask,
To make thee think I doubt, but to maintain
That form, which men, familiar to such fair ones, use
When they converse: For I would have my language
Soft as a lover's.

Em. You are still gracious.

Cor. This temper is becoming, and thou dost
Now appear worthy of our loves and presence.
I knew, when thy wise soul examin'd what
It was to be the darling to a god,
Thou would'st compose thy gestures, and resign
Thyself to our great will: Which we accept,

And

And pardon thy first frailty; 'tis in us
Emeria, to translate thee hence to heaven,
 Without thy body's separation,
 I th' twinkling of an eye. But thou sha't live
 Here, to convince erring mortality,
 That gods do visit such religious votaries
 In human form; and thus salute 'em.

Em. And thus be answer'd, with a resolute heart.

[*Stabs him.*

Cor. Oh! thou hast murder'd me, strumpet, hold.

Em. Sure, if you be a god, you are above
 These wounds: If man, thou hast deserved to bleed
 For thy impiety.

Cor. My blood is punish'd;
 A curse upon thy hand, I am no god;
 I am the prince; see *Corybreus*.

Em. Ha! the prince! were you my ravisher, my lord?
 I have done a justice to the gods in this,
 And my own honour. Thou lost thing to goodness;
 It was a glorious wound, and I am proud
 To be the gods' revenger.

Cor. Help: Oh! am lost.

[*He dies.*

Em. Call on the furies, they did help thy sin,
 And will transport thy soul on their black wings,
 To hell, prince; and the gods can do no less,
 Than, in reward, to draw thy purple stream up,
 Shed in their cause, and place it a portent
 In heaven, to affright such foul lascivious princes.
 I will live now; this story shall not fall so;
 And yet I must not stay here. Now, *Conallus*,
 I have done some revenge for thee in this;
 Yet all this wo' not help me to my own
 Again; my honour of a virgin never will
 Return: I live and move, but wanting thee,
 At best, I'm but a walking misery.

[*Exit.*

Enter RODAMANT reading.

Rod. My royal love, my lady, and fair mistress,
 Such love as mine, was never read in histories.
 There's love, and love, good.
 The poison to my heart was not so cruel,
 As that I cannot hang thee; how's that, hang the queen?

The poison to my heart was not so cruel,
As that I cannot hang thee, my rich jewel,
Within my heart. Oh there's hang, and jewel, and heart,
and heart,

Good again.

I am thy constant elf,

And dare, for thy sweet sake, go hang myself.

What though I am no lord, yet I am loyal.

There's a gingle upon the letter, to shew if she will give
me but an inch, I'll take an ell: Lord and loyal, and
though no prince, I am thy servant royal. There's no figure
in that; yes, impossibility, servant, and royal.

Then grant him love for love, that doth present these,

With *Noverint universi per presentes*.

There's to shew I am a linguist, with a rumme in the rime,
consisting of two several languages, beside love and love,
thy jet and alabaster face. Jet because it draws the straw
of my heart, and alabaster, because there is some white
in her face.

Thy jet and alabaster face now calls

My love and hunger up, to eat stone walls.

But so I may bite off her nose, if her face be alabaster; but
she is in prison; there it holds, and I may do her service to
break prison for her any way. Well, here's enough at a
time; if she like this, I have an ambling muse that shall
be at her service: But what stumbling block is cast in my
way? This is no place to sleep in, I take it in a story under
a trundle-bed: I have seen these cloaths afore now, the
taylor took measure for one of our gods, that made 'em;
d' ye hear friend; ha! 'tis the prince *Corybreus*, dead,
kill'd, ha! my lord: he's speechless. What were I best
to do? instead of searching the wound, I'll first search his
pockets: What's here? a bracelet; a pretty toy, I'll give it
the queen; but if I be found here alone, I may be found
necessary to his death. Ha! what shall I do?

[*Hides himself.*]

Enter MILCHO, and servant.

Milc. My daughter gone abroad, without a servant?

Serv. I offer'd my attendance.

Milc. Ha! what's here, one murder'd? 'tis the prince,
Slain in my house, confusion: Look about,

Search

Search for the traytor ; I am undone for ever.

Serv. The prince ! I'll take my oath I saw him not enter.
Why thus disguised ?

Milc. I tremble to look on him ; seek every where.

Serv. I gave access to none but *Rodamant* ; and he is gone.

Milc. What shall we do ? remove the murder'd body,
And, on thy life, be silent ; we are lost else.
Attend without, and give access to none,
'Till I have thought some way through this affliction.
Did my stars owe me this ? Oh, I could curse 'em ;
And, from my vex'd heart, exhale a vapour
Of execrations, that should blast the day,
And darken all the world. The prince murder'd
In my house, and the traytor not discover'd.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One, sir, with a letter.

Milc. Let him carry it back. Where's the young prince,
Conallus ?

Serv. Gone long since, sir.

Milc. I'll lay the murder upon him,
It will be thought ambition ; or upon the queen.

Serv. Sir, one waits
With a letter from the king.

Milc. The king ? that name
Shoots horror through me now ; who is the messenger ?

Serv. A stranger both in habit and in person :
This is he, sir.

Enter PATRICK.

Milc. Ha !

Pat. The king salutes you ;
My lord, this paper speaks his royal pleasure.
You have forgot me, sir, but I have been more
Familiar to your knowledge : Is there nothing
Within my face, that doth resemble once
A slave you had ?

Milc. Ha ! is your name *Patrick* ?

Pat. It is, my lord : I made my humble suit
To th' king, that, by his favour, I might visit you ;
And, though I have not now that servile tye,

It will not shame me to profess I owe
 You duty still, and shall, to my best power,
 Obey your just commands.

Milc. He writ to me,
 That I should try my art, and, by some stratagem,
 Discharge his life; I'll do't, but all this wo' not
 Quit the suspicion of the prince's death:
 What if I lay the muder to his charge?
 I can swear any thing. But, if he come off,
 My head must answer; no trick in my brain?
 Y' are welcome; the king writes you have desires
 To see the queen, you shall entreat her presence.

Pat. The king has honour'd me.

Milc. You have deserved it.
 And I do count it happiness to receive
 Whom he hath graced; but the remembrance
 Of what you were, adds to the entertainment:
 My old acquaintance, *Patrick*.

Pat. You are noble.

Enter QUEEN and BARD.

Milc. The queen? welcome again; come hither, firrah.

Pat. Madam, I joy to see you, and present
 My humble duty: Heaven hath heard my prayers,
 I hope, and, if you still preserve that goodness,
 That did so late, and sweetly shine upon you,
 I may not be unwelcome, since there is
 Something behind, which I am trusted with,
 To make you happier.

Queen. Holy *Patrick*, welcome.

Milc. Obey in every circumstance: My despair

[*Exit Servant.*]

Shall have revenge wait on it. This is, madam,
 A good man, he was once my slave; let not
 That title take thy present freedom of
 My house; my fortunes, and my fate, I wish,
 May have one period with thee; I shall
 Attend you again; I hope we all may live
 And die together yet. My duty, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Bard. I do not like their whispering; there's some mischief; he did so over-act his courtesy; I'll look about us.

Pat. Do, honest bard. Oh! madam, if you knew

The

The difference, betwixt my faith and your
Religion, the grounds and progress of
What we profess, the sweetness, certainty,
And full rewards of virtue, you would hazard,
Nay, lose the glory of ten thousand worlds,
Like this, to be a christian, and be bless'd
To lay your life down (but a moment, on
Which our eternity depends) and through
Torture, and seas of blood, contend, to reach
That blessed vision at last, in which
Is all that can be happy, and perfection.

Enter BARD.

Queen. I have a soul most willing to be taught.

Bard. Oh, madam! fire! help! we are all lost!
The house is round about on fire! the doors
Are barr'd and lock'd! there is no going forth!
We shall be burnt, and that will spoil my singing:
My voice hath been recover'd from a cold;
But fire will spoil it utterly.

Enter VICTOR.

Ang. Vict. Have no dread, holy *Patrick*, all their malice
Shall never hurt thy person; heaven doth look
With scorn upon their treachery, thou art
Reserv'd to make this nation glorious,
By their conversion to the christian faith,
Which shall, by blood of many martyrs, grow,
'Till it be called the island of the saints:
Look up, and see what thou observest;
Milcho throwing his treasures into the flames.

Milc. Patrick, thou art caught; inevitable flames
Must now devour thee; thou art my slave again;
There is no hope to 'scape: How I do glory,
That, by my policy, thou shalt consume,
Though I be made a sacrifice with thee
To our great gods; ha, ha, the queen: *Bard*,
You will be excellent roast meat for the devil.

Pat. Hear me.

Milc. I choose to leap into these fires,
Rather than hear thee preach thy cursed faith,
Y' are sure to follow me; the king will praise

My

My last act yet ; thus I give up my breath,
And sacrifice you all for his son's death. [*He burns himself.*]

Pat. Oh tyrant ! cruel to thyself ; but we
Must follow our blest guide, and holy guardian :
Lead on, good angel ; fear not, virtuous queen ;
A black night may beget a smiling morn,
At worst, to die ; 'tis easier than be born. [*Exeunt.*]

Recorders. *The altar prepared, with FEROCCHUS and
ENDARIUS, as before.* KING, CONALLUS, ARCHI-
MAGUS, PRIEST, ETHNE, FEDELLA, *a sacrifice of
christian blood.*

Arc. Great *Jove* and *Mars*, appeased be
With blood, which we now offer thee,
Drain'd from a christian's heart, our first
Oblation of that sect accurst ;
And may we to the altar bring
Patrick, our second offering,
The father of this tribe, whose blood,
Thus shed, will do this island good.
The gods allow what we present ;
For see, the holy flame is sent
To mighty *Jove* and *Mars*, now bring
Your vocal sacrifice, and sing.

Song at the altar.

Look down, great *Jove*, and god of war,
A new sacrifice is laid
On your altars, richer far,
Than what in aromattick heaps we paid :
No curled smoke we send,
With perfumes to befriend
The drooping air, the cloud
We offer, is exhaled from blood,
More shining than your tapers are,
And every drop is worth a star.

Were there no red in heaven, from the torn heart
Of christians, we that colour could impart,
And, with their blood, supply those crimson streaks
That dress the sky, when the fair morning breaks.

Enter

Enter RODAMANT, and whispers the KING, who falleth upon the ground.

Con. Father.

Arc. The king.

Leo. Away. Let not my daughters stir from hence:
Is this reward, you gods! for my devotion.

[Exit with Conallus.]

Arc. No more: I could not, by my art, foresee
This danger.

Eth. Our father seem'd much troubled.

Arc. I must appear a stranger to all passages.
Be not disturb'd, my princely charge; use you
The free delights of life, while they are presented
In these your lovers: Sirrah, make fast the door,
And wait aloof; I'll follow the sad king.

[Exit.]

Fed. No misery can happen, while I thus
Embrace *Ferochus*.

Eth. And I, safe in the arms
Of my dear servant.

End. You make it heaven by gracing me.

Fer. But why have we so long
Delay'd our blest enjoyings, thus content
With words, the shadows of our happiness.

Rod. So, so, here's fine devotion in the temple:
But where's my bracelet, let me see?

Fer. Where's *Rodamant*?

Rod. Am I invisible again? Is this the trick on't.

Fer. The door is safe; come, my dear princely mistress,
And, with the crown of love, reward your servant.

Fed. What's that?

Fer. Fruition of our joys.

Fed. Is not this
Delight enough, that we converse, and smile,
And kiss, *Ferochus*, *[Rodamant kisses Fedella.]*
Who's that?

Fer. Where, madam?

Fed. I felt another lip.

Fer. Than mine? here's none; try it again:
Why should her constitution be so cold?
I would not lose more opportunities.
Love, shoot a flame, like mine, into her bosom.

Eth.

58 St. *PATRICK* for *Ireland*.

Esth. Who's that, *Endarius*, that kiss'd me now?

End. None, since you blest my lip with a touch, madam.
My brother is at play with your fair sister.

Esth. I felt a beard.

End. A beard? that's strange.

Rod. You shall feel something else too. [*He strikes Endarius*]

End. Why that unkind blow, madam?

Esth. What means my servant?

Rod. Now to my other gamester.

Fer. Oh, I could dwell for ever in this bosom;
But is there nothing else for us to taste?

[*Rodamant pulls Ferochus by the nose*]

Hold!

Fed. What's the matter?

Fer. Something has almost torn away my nose.

Endarius?

End. What says my brother?

Fer. Did you pull me by the nose?

End. I moved not hence.

Did you kick me, brother?

Fed. We have troubled fancies, sure; here's no body
But ourselves; the doors, you say, are safe.

Fer. Wo' not that prompt you to something else?

Fed. I dare not understand you.

What blood is that upon your face?

Rod. You want a beard, young gentleman.

Fer. Mine? Blood; I felt something, that like a flie
Glanced o' my cheek:

Brother, your nose bled you that fine beard.

End. You need not blush a' one side, brother, ha, ha.

Esth. Is not this strange, sister; how came our servants
So bloody?

Fer. Again. I pr'ythee leave this fooling with my face,
I shall be angry.

End. I touch'd you not.

Rod. Another wipe for you.

Esth. Some spirit sure:

I cannot contain laughter: what a raw head my servant
has?

Fed. Mine has the same complexion.

Rod. Put me to keep the door another time. I ha' kept
them honest, and now I will be visible again.

[*Knock.*
Fer.

Fer. Rodamant.

Rod. Here : I was asleep, but this noise waked me.
Ha' you done with the ladies?
Open the doors.

[*Within.*

Enter PRIEST.

Priest. We are undone, my lords ; the king is coming
In fury back again, with full resolve
To break these images ; his son is slain,
And burnt to ashes since, in *Milcho's* house,
And he will be revenged upon the gods,
He says, that would not save his dearest son :
I fear he will turn christian : *Archimagus*
Is under guard, and brought along to see
This execution done ; no art can save you.

Eth. We are lost too, for ever, in our honours.

Leo. Break down the temple doors. [*Within.*

Priest. He's come already, we are all lost, madam.

Fer. Tear off these antick habits, quickly ; brother,
Do you the same. More blood upon our faces.
Oh, my *Fedella*, something may preserve us
To meet again : *Endarius*, so, so, open.

Enter KING, ARCHIMAGUS, Guard. FEROCUS, EN-
DARIUS, confidently meet the king.

Leo. Ha ! keep off, more horrors to affright me,
I must confess I did command your deaths
Unjustly, now my son is murder'd for it.

Fer. Oh do not pull more wrath from heaven upon you.
Love, innocence, the gods have thus revenged
In your son's tragedy : Draw not a greater
Upon yourself and this fair island, by
Threat'ning the temples, and the gods themselves ;
Look on them still with humble reverence,
Or greater punishments remain for you
To suffer ; and our ghosts shall never leave
To fright thy conscience, and, with thousand stings,
Afflict thy soul to madness and despair :
Be patient yet, and prosper ; and let fall
Thy anger on the christians, that else
Will poison thy fair kingdom

King. Ha, *Archimagus*, canst thou forgive me,

And

And send those spirits hence?

Arc. I can, great Sir.

You, troubled spirits, I command you leave
The much distracted king; return, and speedily,
To sleep within the bosom of the sea,
Which the king's wrath, and your sad fates, assign ye;
And, as you move to your expecting monument
The waves again, no frown appear upon you,
But glide away in peace.

End. Fer. We do obey
Great priest, and vanish.

[*Exeunt.*]

Esk. Are they gone, *Fedella*?

They talk of woman's wit at a dead list,
This was above our brains; I love him for't,
And wish myself in's arms now to reward him;
I should find him no ghost o' my conscience:
But where shall we meet next.

Fed. Let us away.

[*Exeunt.*]

King. Art sure they are gone, *Archimagus*; my fears
So leave me, and religion once again
Enters my stubborn heart, which dared to mutiny
And quarrel with the gods; *Archimagus*,
Be near again, we will redeem our rashness,
By grubbing up those christians, that begin
T' infect us, and our kingdom.

Arc. This becomes you;
And, if you please to hear me, I dare promise
The speedy ruin of them all.

King. Th' art born
To make us happy; how, my dear *Archimagus*?

Arc. This island, sir, is full of dangerous serpents,
Of toads, and other venomous destroyers:
I will, from every province of this kingdom,
Summon these killing creatures, to devour him;
My prayer, and power of the gods, fear not,
Will do't; by whom inspired, I prophesy
Patrick's destruction.

King. I embrace my priest;
Do this, and I'll forget my son, and die;
And smile to see this christian's tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T V.

*Enter two Soldiers.**1st Soldier.*

SO, so, we are like to have a fine time on't; we may get more by every christian we have the grace to catch, than by three months pay against our natural enemies.

2d Sold. And their noddles be so precious, would all my kindred were christians; I would not leave a head to wag upon a shoulder of our generation, from my mother's sucking pig at her nipple, to my great grandfather's coshering in the pease-straw. How did that fellow look whose throat we cut last?

1st Sold. Basely, and like a christian; would the fellow, they call *Patrick*, had been in his place, we had been made for ever.

2d Sold. Now are we of the condition of some great men in office, that desire execution of the laws, not so much to correct offences, and reform the common-wealth; as to thrive by their punishment, and grow rich and fat with a lean conscience. But I have walk'd and talk'd myself hungry; pr'ythee open the secrets of thy knap-sack, before we build any more projects; let's see what store of belly-timber we have. Good, very good Pagan food: sit down, and let our stomachs confer a while.

Enter RODAMANT.

Rod. My royal love is roasted; she died of a burning fever; and since poison wo' not work upon me, I am resolved to look out the most convenient tree in this wood to hang myself: And because I will be sure to hang without molestation, or cutting down, which is a disparagement to an able and willing body, I will hang invisible, that no body may see me, and interrupt my hempen meditations. But who are these? a brace of man-killers a mounching; now I think what a long journey I am going, as far as to another world, it were not amiss to take provision along with me; when I come to the trick of hanging, I may weigh the better, and sooner be out of my pain: bracelet,

F

stick

stick to me; by your leave, gentlemen, what's your ordinary.

1st Sold. Who's that?

Rod. A friend, my brace of *Hungarians*; one that is no soldier; but will justify he has a stomach in a just cause, and can fight tooth and nail, with any flesh that opposes me.

2d Sold. I can see no body.

Rod. I will knock your pate, fellow in arms, and to help you to see, open the eyes of your understanding, with a wooden instrument that I have.

1st Sold. I see nothing but a voice; shall I strike it?

2d Sold. No, 'tis some spirit; take heed and offend it not; I never knew any man strike the devil, but he put out his neck-bone, or his shoulder-blade; let him alone, it may be the ghost of some usurer that kick'd up his heels in a dear year; and died upon a surfeit of shamrochs and cheese-parings.

Enter EMERIA.

1st Sold. Who's this; a woman alone?

2d Sold. And handsome; what makes she in this wood? we'll divide.

1st Sold. What, the woman?

2d Sold. No; I'll have her body, and thou shalt have her clothes.

Em. I know not where I am; this wood has lost me;
But I shall never more be worth the finding:
I was not wise to leave my father's house;
For here I may be made a prey to rapine,
Or food to cruel beasts.

2d Sold. No, you shall find that we are men; what think you? which of us two have you most mind to laugh and lie down withal.

Em. Protect me, some good power; more ravishers!

2d Sold. We are soldiers, and not used to complement; be not coy, but answer.

1st Sold. We are but two, you may soon make a choice.

Rod. You shall find that we be three; are you so hot?

1st Sold. Come, humble yourself behind that tree, or—

Em. Are you a man?

1st Sold. Never doubt it; I have pass'd for a man in my days.

2d Sold.

2d Sold. Oh, my skull!

1st Sold. What's the matter?

Em. Where shall I hide myself? [Hides herself.]

Rod. Your comrade will expect your company in the next ditch.

2d Sold. Are you good at that?

[The second Soldier strikes the first, and Rodamant both.]

1st Sold. What dost thou mean?

2d Sold. What do I mean? what dost thou mean to beat my brains out?

1st Sold. I! hold, it is some spirit, and we fight with the air.

Rod. Cannot a mare come into the ground, but you must be leaping, you stone horses?

2d Sold. My skull is as tender as a Mullipuff.

1st Sold. He has made a cullice of my sconce; hold, dear friend!

2d Sold. Has the devil no more wit than to take part against the flesh?

1st Sold. The devil may have a mind to her himself, let him have her.

2d Sold. If I come back, let me be gibb'd.

[Exeunt reeling.]

Rod. Now lady — what, is she invisible too? Ha! well, let her shift for herself, I have tamed their concupiscence. Now to my business of hanging again.

Enter Spirit.

I do like none of these trees; the devil is at my elbow now; I do hear him whisper in mine ear, that any tree would serve, if I would but give my mind to it. Let me consider, what shall I get by hanging of myself, now it will be to no purpose? a halter will be but cast away; by your leave — I would not have you much out of the way, because here are trees that other men may hold convenient. — Oh, my wrist: 'Tis a spirit. Sweet devil, you shall have it, the bracelet is at your service. Have I all my fingers? A pox on his fangs; now o' my conscience I am visible again; if the soldiers should meet with me now, whom I have pounded, what case were I in? I feel a distillation, and would be heartily beaten to save my life.

Enter CONALLUS and EMERIA.

Here's one, for ought I know, may be as dangerous: A pox of despair that brought me hither to choose my gallows; would I were at home in an embroider'd clout. — I'll sneak this way. [Exit.

Em. I am no ghost, but the same lost *Emeria*,
My lord, you left me.

Con. Did not the flames devour thee?

Em. I felt no flame, but that which my revenge
Did light me to, for my abused honour.

Con. Oh! say that word again: Art thou revenged
Upon thy ravisher? It was a god,
Thou told'st me.

Em. But he found the way to death:
And when I name him, you will either not
Believe me, or compassion of his wounds
Will make you print as many in my breast:
He was —

Con. Say; fear not, wronged *Emeria*;
Can any heart find compassion for his death,
That murder'd the sweet peace of thy chaste bosom?
Oh! never; I shall bless that resolute hand,
That was so just, so pious; and when thou hast
Assured, that he, which play'd the satyr with thee,
Is out o' th' world, and kill'd sufficiently,
(For he that robb'd thee, hath deserved to die,
To the extent of his wide sin) I'll kiss,
And take thee in mine arms, *Emeria*,
And lay thee up, as precious to my love,
As when our vows met, and our yielding bosoms
Were witness to the contract of our hearts.

Em. It was your brother *Corybreus*, sir:
That name unties your promise.

Con. Ha! my brother?
Sweet, let me pause a little, I am lost else.

Em. I did not well to enlarge his sorrow thus:
Though I can hope no comfort in this world,
He might live happy, if I did not kill him,
With heaping grief on grief thus.

Con. He is slain then.

Em. If you will, sir, revenge his death, you must

Point

Point your wrath here, and I will thank you for't;
Though you should be a day in killing me,
I should live so much longer to forgive you.
This weak hand did not tremble when it kill'd him,
And it came timely to prevent, I fear,
The second part of horror he had meant
To act upon me.

Con. Wou'd he had took my life,
When he assail'd thy chastity, so thou
Had'st been preserved: I cannot help all this.
Did it not grieve thee, he deserved to die, ha!

Em. I took no joy, sir, in his tragedy.

Con. That done, thou fled'st.

Em. I left my father's house,
And found no weight hung on my feet for giving
His lust the bloody recompence.

Con. Thou art happy:
The gods directed thee to fly, *Emeria*;
Thou hadst been lost else with my brother's ashes,
And my dear mother, whom the hungry flames
Devour'd, soon after thy departure.

Em. How!

Con. I know not by what malice, or misfortune,
Thy father's house was burn'd; and in it he
Did meet his funeral fire too, ha! *Emeria*.

Enter St. PATRICK, QUEEN, and BARD.

Bard. Your company's fair, but I'll leave you in a wood;
I could like your religion well; but those rules of fasting,
prayer, and so much penance, will hardly fit my constitution.

Pat. 'Tis nothing to win heaven.

Bard. But you do not consider, that I shall lose my pension,
my pension from the king; there's a business.

Queen. Do not I leave more?

Bard. I confess it; and you will get less by the bargain;
but you, that have been used to hunger, and nothing to
live upon, may make the better shift. The less you eat,
you say, will make the soul fat; but I have a body wo' not
be used so: I must drink, and go warm, and make much
of my voice; I cannot do much good upon water and sal-
lads; keep your diet-drink to yourselves; I am a kind of

foolish courtier, *Patrick*; with us, wine and women are provocatives; long tables and short graces are physical, and in fashion. I'll take my leave, madam; no christian yet, as the world goes; perhaps, hereafter, when my voice is weary of me, I may grow weary of the world, and stoop to your ordinary, say my prayers, and think how to die, when my living is taken from me; in the mean time —

Sings

*Neither will lend, nor borrow,
Old age will be here to morrow,
'Tis pleasure we are made for,
When death comes all is paid for:
No matter what's the bill of fare,
I'll take my cup, I'll take no care.
Be wise, and say you had warning,
To laugh is better than learning,
To wear no cloathes, not neat is,
But hunger is good where meat is.
Give me wine, give me a wench,
And let her parrot talk in French.
It is a match worth the making,
To keep the merry thought waking:
A song is better than fasting,
And sorrow's not worth the tasting.
Then keep your brain light as you can,
An ounce of care will kill a man.*

And so I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Con. Ha! do I see the queen, *Emeria*?

Pat. Alas, poor *Bard*! the flatteries of this world
Hath chain'd his sense: thus many self-loving natures,
Prison'd in mists and errors, cannot see
The way abroad that leads to happiness,
Or truth, whose beamy hand should guide us in it.
What a poor value do men set on heaven!
Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time; but, in their height eternal,
Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,
Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure:
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

Con.

Con. 'Tis she, and the good bishop *Patrick* with her!

Pat. Madam, the prince *Conallus*.

Con. Oh! let me kneel to you, and then to heaven,
That hath preserved you still to be my mother;
For I believe you are alive; the fire
Hath not defaced this monument of sweetness.

Queen. My blessing, and my prayers, be still my child's.
It was the goodness, son, of holy *Patrick*,
That rescued me from those imprisoning flames.
You speak of; his good angel was our conduct.

Con. To him that can dispense such blessings, mother,
I must owe duty, and thus kneeling, pay it:
May angels still be near you.

Pat. Rise, *Conallus*:

My benediction on thee; be but what
Thy mother is, a christian, and a guard
Of angels shall attend thee too: the fire
We walk'd upon secure, and, which is greater,
'Scaped the immortal flames, in which black souls,
After their ill-spent lives, are bound to suffer.

Con. Sir, you shall steer me, and my mother's blest
Example, will become my imitation.
But there's a piece of silent misery

Is worth your comfort, mother, and his counsel;
She is, I dare not name how much dishonour'd,
And should have been the partner of my bosom,
Had not a cruel man forbid my happiness,
And on that fair and innocent table pour'd
Poison, above the dragon's blood, or vipers.

Em. My humblest duty, madam.

Pat. *Dichu's* cell

Is not far off; please you attend the queen;
We are bent thither.

Con. Yes: and as we walk,
I'll tell you a sad story of my brother
And this poor virgin.

Pat. Come, I'll lead the way.

Queen. With such a guide we cannot fear to stray. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter FEROCUS, and ENDARIUS.

Fer. Where are we yet, *Endarius*?

End. I cannot

Inform

Inform you more, than that we are in the wood still.

Fer. And we are lost; our fear to die i' th' fight
Of men, hath brought us hither with our blood
To quench the thirst of wolves: Or worse, to starve.

End. We are in no fear to be apprehended
Where none inhabit.

Fer. Now, that lust is punish'd,
Which fed our hope, if we had staid i' th' temple
To have polluted it with foul embraces:
How weariness, with travel, and some fasting,
Will tame the flesh.

End. Stay, here's a cave.

Fer. Take heed,
It may be a lion, or a fierce wolf's den;
How nature trembles at the thought of death:
Though it be prest down with the weight of life.

End. I dare not enter; a new fear invades me.

Fer. The worst is welcome; with our clamour, rouse
Whatever doth inhabit here; or man,
Or beast, appear, if any such dwell in
This cave? We can meet charity, or death.

Enter DICHU.

Dic. What voice, with so much passion, calls me forth.
Ha! be my protection, good heaven!
My sons, my murder'd sons, with ghastly looks,
And bruised limbs; why do you come to me thus
To fright my wither'd eyes? alas! I was innocent;
It was the king, not I, commanded your
Untimely death; I have wept for ye, boys,
And constantly before the sun awaked,
When the cold dew drops full upon the ground,
As if the morn were discontented too.
My naked feet o'er many a rugged stone
Hath walk'd, to drop my tears into the seas,
For your sad memories.

Fer. We are no spirits, but your living sons;
Preserved, without the knowledge of the king,
By *Archimagus*, 'till a new misfortune
Compell'd us hither to meet death, we fear,
In want of food.

Dic. Are ye alive? come in;

It

It is no time to be inquisitive;
My Blessing, I have something to refresh you;
Course fare, but such as will keep out sad famine:
Humble yourselves and enter, my poor boys,
You'll wonder at the change; but we to heaven
Do climb, with loads upon our shoulders born,
Nor must we tread on roses, but on thorn. [Exeunt.]

Enter St. PATRICK, QUEEN, CONALLUS, EMERIA.

Pat. Now we approach the hermit *Dichu's* cell:
Are you not weary, madam?

Queen. Not yet, father,
In such religious company.

Pat. You were not
Used to this travel; how does my new son,
And sweet *Emeria*?

Con. I am blest on all sides.

Em. You have quieted the tempest in my soul,
And in this holy peace I must be happy.

Pat. You will be spouse to an eternal bridegroom,
And lay the sweet foundation of a rule,
That after ages, with devotion,
Shall praise and follow. You are, sir, reserved
To bless this kingdom with your pious government:
Your crown shall flourish, and your blood possess
The throne you shall leave glorious: This nation
Shall, in a fair succession thrive, and grow
Up the world's academy, and disperse,
As the rich spring of human and divine
Knowledge, clear streams to water foreign kingdoms,
Which shall be proud to owe what they possess
In learning, to this great all-nursing island.

Con. May we be worthy of this prophesy.

Pat. Discourse hath made the way less tedious;
We have reach'd the cell already, which is much
Too narrow to contain us; but, beneath
These trees, upon their cool and pleasing shades,
You may sit down; I'll call upon my convert:
Dichu, my penitent, come forth, I pray,
And entertain some guests I have brought hither,
That deserve welcome.

Enter

*Enter DICHU.**Dic.* I obey that voice.*Pat.* The queen, and prince, and *Milcho's* virtuous daughter,
Gain'd to our holy faith.*Dic.* Let my knee speak
My duty, though I want words for my joy;
Ten thousand welcomes; I have guests within too,
You'll wonder to salute, my sons, not dead,
As we suppose, by heavenly providence,
I hope, reserved to be made blest by you.
They are here.*Enter FEROCHEUS and ENDARIUS.*Your duties to the queen and prince,
Then to this man, next to our great preserver,
The patron of us all.*Pat.* A happy meeting:
I must rejoice to see you safe, and here:
But tell us by what strange means, all this while,
You have been preserved? sit down. [*Soft music.*]*Con.* What music's this?*Queen.* 'Tis heavenly.*Pat.* And a preface to some message,
Or will of heaven; be silent, and attend it:
Such harmony as this did wait upon
My angel *Victor*, when he first appear'd,
And did reveal a treasure under ground,
With which I bought my freedom, when I kept
Unhappy *Milcho's* swine; heaven's will be done.
What, all asleep already? holy dreams
Possess your fancy; I can wait no longer.*Enter VICTOR, and other Angels.*

SONG.

*Vict.*Down from the skies,
Commanded by the power that ties
The world and nature in a chain,
We come, we come, a glorious train,
To wait on thee,
And make thy person danger-free:*Heark*

*Heark whilst we sing,
And keep time with our golden wing,
To shew how earth and heaven agree,
What echo rises to our harmony.*

Viz. Holy *Patrick*, sleep in peace,
Whilst I thy guardian, with these
My fellow angels, wait on thee,
For thy defence: A troop, I see,
Of serpents, vipers, and whate'er
Doth carry killing poison, here
Summon'd by art, and power of hell;
But thou shalt soon their fury quell,
And, by the strength of thy command,
Those creatures shall forsake the land,
And creep into the sea; no more
To live upon the *Irish* shore.
Once more then,

S O N G.

*Patrick, sleep; oh! sleep a while,
And wake the patron of this isle.*

Enter KING, ARCHIMAGUS, and other Priests.

Arc. Your person shall be safe; fear not, great sir,
I have directed all their stings and poison:
See where he sleeps; if he escape this danger;
Let my life, with some horrid circumstance,
End in this place, and carry all your curses.

Enter Serpents, &c. creeping.

What think you of these creeping executioners?
Do they not move as if they knew their errand?

King. My queen! my son, *Conallus!* *Dichu!* ha!
And the still wandering ghosts of his two sons!

Arc. They are alive, sir.

King. Ha! who durst abuse us?

Priest. Will you not have compassion of the queen,
And the prince, sir?

King. How met they to converse?

Arc. They are all christians.

King. Let the serpents then
Feed upon all, my powerful *Archimagus*.

Pat.

Pat. In vain is all your malice, art, and power,
 Against their lives, whom the great hand of heaven
 Deigns to protect; like wolves, you undertake
 A quarrel with the moon, and waste your anger:
 Nay, all the shafts your wrath directeth hither,
 Are shot against a brazen arch, whose vault,
 Impenetrable, sends the arrows back,
 To print just wounds on your own guilty heads.
 These serpents, (tame, at first, and innocent,
 Until man's great revolt from grace released
 Their duty of creation) you have brought,
 And arm'd against my life; all these can I
 Approach, and without trembling, walk upon;
 Play with their stings, which, though to me not dangerous,
 I could, to your destruction, turn upon
 Yourselves, and punish with too late repentance.
 But you shall live, and what your malice meant
 My ruin, I will turn to all your safeties,
 And you shall witness: Hence, you frightful monsters,
 Go hide, and bury your deformed heads
 For ever in the sea; from this time be
 This island free from beasts of venomous natures:
 The shepherd shall not be afraid hereafter,
 To trust his eyes with sleep upon the hills;
 The travellers shall have no suspicion,
 Or fear, to measure with his wearied limbs
 The silent shades; but walk, through every brake,
 Without more guard than his own innocence.
 The very earth and wood shall have this blessing
 (Above what other christian nations boast)
 Although transported where these serpents live
 And multiply, one touch shall soon destroy 'em.

King. See how they all obey him, *Archimagus*.

Arc. Confusion! All my art is trampled on.
 Can neither man, nor beast, nor devil hurt him?
 Support me, fellow-priests; I sink, I feel
 The ground bend with my weight upon it, ha!
 The earth is loose in the foundation,
 And something heavy as the world doth hang
 Upon my feet, and weigh me to the center.
 A fire, a dreadful fire is underneath me,
 And all those fiends, that were my servants here,

Look

Look like tormentors, and all seem to strive
Who first shall catch my falling flesh upon
Their burning pikes: There is a power above
Our gods, I see too late. I fall, I fall,
And, in my last despair, I curse you all.

[*Sinks.*

King. Patrick, the king will kneel to thee.

Pat. Oh! rise,
And pay to heaven that duty.

King. Can'st thou forgive?
Let me embrace you all, and freely give
What I desire from this good man, a pardon.
Thou shalt no more suspect me, but possess
All thy desires. The ground is shut again:
Where now is *Archimagus*? How I shake,
And court this christian out of fear, not love?
Once more visit our palace, holy father.
The story of your sons, and what concerns
Your escape, madam, we will know hereafter;
I' th' mean time be secure.

End. Fer. We are your creatures.

Omnes. Our prayers and duty.

Pat. I suspect him still,
But fear not; our good angels still are near us:
Death at the last can but unty our frailty;
'Twere happy for our holy faith to bleed:
The blood of martyrs is the churches seed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.



I look for a continuation of the
 same kind of work in the future.
 I have a number of papers
 on the subject of the
 same, and I am sure
 that in the future I
 will be able to do
 more and more for
 the cause.

And pray to heaven that day
 When O.A. comes to pass
 Let me embrace you all and hold you fast
 And I desire from this good man, a son
 I want him no more than I do you
 All my desires, the good I wish
 To you now is that you should be
 As I want the shining out of him, not love
 O'errule with our words, holiness
 A desire of your love, and what comes
 From above, which we will know him
 I want him to be

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